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"Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true Badge."

—SHAKESPEARE.



FOR PITY'S SAKE

SARAH NELSON CARTER

"Blessed are the Merciful."

We plead the cause of those dumb
mouths that have no speech.

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The Speechless.

BY ANNA DRURY, (England.)

Ye call them dumb, and deem it well,
How e'er their bursting hearts may swell,
They have no voice their woes to tell,
As fabulists have dreamed.
They cannot cry "O Lord how long
Will Thou, the patient Judge and strong,
Behold Thy creatures suffer wrong
Of these Thy blood redeemed?"

Yet are they silent? need they speech
His Holy sympathies to reach.
Who by their lips could prophets teach,
And for their sakes would spare;
When, wrestling with His own decree,
To save repentant Ninevah.
He found to strengthen mercy's plea,
So "many cattle" there

Have they no language? Angels know
Who take account of *every blow*:
And there are angel hearts below,
On whom the Eternal Dove
His penticostal gift hath poured,
And that forgotten speech restored
That filled the garden of the Lord
When Nature's voice was love

Oh, *blest are they the creatures bless!*
And yet that *wealth of tenderness*,
In *look*, in *gesture*, in *caress*,
By which our hearts they teach.
Might well the thoughtful spirit grieve,
Believing—as we must believe—
How *little* they from man receive,
To whom they give *so much*.

They may be silent, as ye say.
But woe to them who, day by day,
Unthinking for what boon they pray,
Repeat "Thy kingdom come."
Who, when before the Great White Throne,
Shall plead that *mercy* may be shown,
Find *awful voices down their own*,
The voices of the dumb.

A Place in Heaven.

Behrynge, the pilgrim, lifting up his head,
Saw the Death Angel standing near his bed,
And heard him say in accents calm and cold,
"The names I write within the Book of Gold
Are names of those whose place in heaven is
won.

To gain this place what hast *thou* ever done?"
Behrynge the pilgrim struck upon his breast,
"Alas! full many a law have I transgressed,
Yet at God's feet, for creatures He hath made
Both mute and helpless, all my life I laid,
And prayed Him daily that my strength might
be

Their faithful safeguard, as He guarded me.
The dumb beast's cause I plead through all the
land,

And stayed the torture of the oppressor's hand,
With righteous wrath I awed the mind
My life, my all, to the great work I gave,
Yet know I not if deeds like these can save."
The angel vanished. When at heaven's gate
Behrynge the pilgrim sadly came to wait,
Lo! the pearl portals flew asunder far.

A light shone round him like a glorious star,
And a voice said, "Thy sins are all forgiven,
Love for the helpless won thy place in Heaven."

How Rabies are Manufactured

Recipe

Malice }
Cowardice } aa Equal Parts
Nervousness }
Dog hatred, add quantum sufficit.

Shake the ingredients well up, look intently and constantly at the mixture, carefully scan the columns of the daily press for Hydrophobia announcements and imagine every playful, lost, sick or worried dog that is at liberty out of doors is in the frenzied stage of "rabies."

(Woodroffe Hill of England, Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons)

The Hydrophobia Scare

"In the name of Pasteur there has been a holocaust of dogs. But for him thousands of dogs now lying in heaps upon the market gardens of Europe would be alive and happy.

Those who have been spared are prisoners of war, caged and fettered and in hourly peril of being slaughtered on owner's door-steps or taken to the dog's home for happy (?) despatch.

* * * My objection to (M. Pasteur) is that in the interests of vivisection his establishment has been advertised by illegitimate means. The panic would have died out long ago, but it has been fomented by the press in the interests of Pasteurism, and when the mad-dog was not available for sensational treatment, a mad-dog has been invented. One thing is certain; the present epidemic of rabies did not commence till Pasteur was ready for it. If he were tomorrow to abandon his experiments in this direction, and turn his attention to, say, small pox or cholera, we should hear of very few cases of mad dogs. The best way to stamp out hydrophobia would be to unmuzzle all the dogs and send Pasteur to the North Pole.

The force of foolery can go no farther than this. A muzzled dog, a harmless pet, runs out of its owner's door for a moment and is instantly seized and beaten to death by a *posse* of policemen, under the command of an inspector.

Pasteur has much to answer for. It is becoming every day more and more patent that this mad dog panic is fostered in the interests of vivisection.

Hundreds of cases of hydrophobia are deliberately manufactured in order to keep down the opposition to the cutting up of live animals.

(London Referee of August 2, 1886)

The Nativity.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon Appropriate to the Season.

* * * * *
Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into the Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to *alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation*? Was it not appropriate that He should, during the first few days and nights of His life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose *moan and plaint* and bellowing have for *ages* been a *prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs*? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood.

Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a *worn-out horse on tow-path*, not a *herd freezing in the poorly built cow-pen*, not a freight car in the summer time bringing the beeves to market *without water through a*

thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessed the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that *Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes*. He remembers that night and the prayer *He heard in their pitiful moan He will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes*. They surely have as much *right* in this world as *we* have. In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadrupeds the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were the predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watchdogs. And who can tell what the world owes to the horse, and camel, and ox, for transportation? And robin and lark have, by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God *you strike its Creator*, and you insult the Christ, who though He might have been welcomed into life by princes and taken His first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches, and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on a level

with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril; that *He might be the alleviation of animal suffering*, as well as the Redeemer of man.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night, with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, *look out how you strike the rowel into the horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools, teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvelous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant, let them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world when he said, "Consider the lilies," than he showed for the ornithological when he said, "*Behold the fowls of the air,*" and the quadrupedal world when He allowed himself to be called in one place a lion and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle-pen have mercy on the suffering stock yards, that are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our American households.*

EVERY solitary kind action that is done the whole world over is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong.

Of Cruelty to Animals.

From the elephant toiling at a launch, to the shrew-mouse in the harvest-field,
From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken to the minnow caught upon a pin,
From the albatross wearied in its flight, to the wren in her covered nest,
From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon fly, to the lady-bird and the gnat,
The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their master cruel;
The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend;
The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn to even;
The lamb and the timorous hare, and the laboring ox at plough;
The speckled trout, basking in the shallow, and the partridge, gleaming in the stubble.
And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the wild bird pining in captivity,
And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy comfort and the pride,
Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.

Verily, they are all thine; freely mayest thou serve thee of them all;
They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kindness:
Gratitude to *their God*—and thine,—*their Father* and thy Father,
Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with their all:
For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying;
For burden, but with limits of humanity;
For luxury, but not through torture; for draught, but according to the strength:
For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render

a reason for exemption,
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash;
The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite;
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the goal:
Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,
If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to remembrance:
Behold, he is faint with hunger: the big tear standeth in his eye:
His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath his burden:
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their vigor,
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth unequally with toil:
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing blow:
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings—the generous brute is dead!
Liveth there no advocate for him? no judge to avenge his wrongs?
No voice that shall be heard in his defence? no sentence to be passed on his oppressor?
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for him:
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at his woes;
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon the cruel;
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked shall be their own exceeding punishment.
The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is punished.

—Tupper's *Proverbial Philosopher*.

Philanthropy Compels Us.

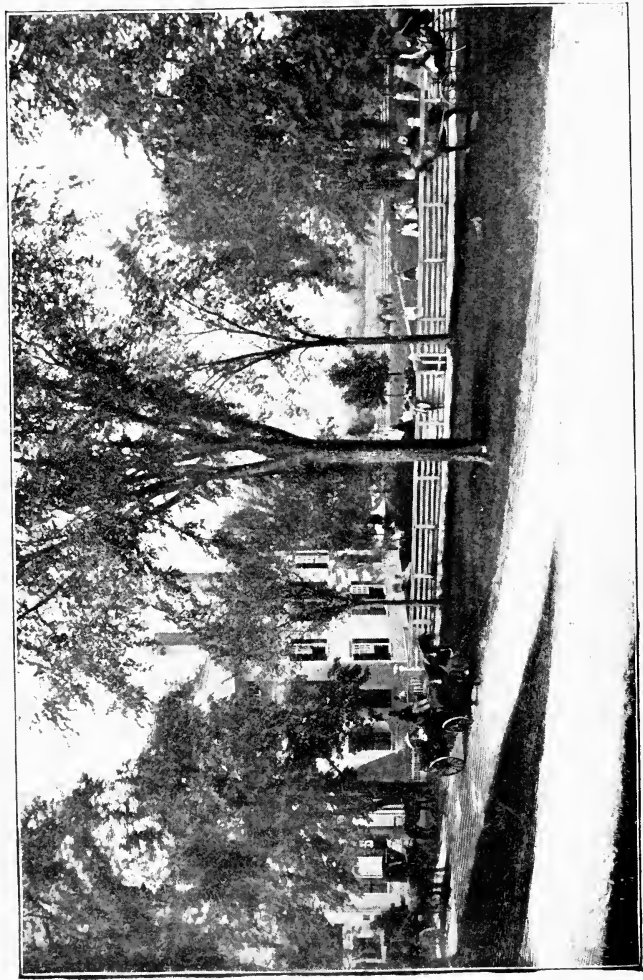
If besides our poor relations rights, and appeal of our own nobility, we need another ground on which to urge humanity to animals, we find it in philanthropy, the love of man himself; for as the circle widens to admit these humbler members of the Father's house, all the *human* members also will rise into kinder regard. Kindness grows by exercise; callousness and cruelty also grow by exercise. The boys who train themselves by stoning dogs and scaring cats and mutilating flies, and breaking into the houses of the birds, and playing field-pirate toward the snake and toad, and who, later, patronize the dog-fight and the rat-hunt and the pigeon or squirrel match—they graduate into the men who pay two creatures like themselves, to stand up in the prize-ring and pound God's image out of one another; they are the men who hanker for the blood-loving newspaper, the murder gleamings of the country, the gallows-records and all diaries of lust and violence. On the other hand, every effort to increase humanity towards dumb creatures blesses not only them, but *speaking* creatures themselves. We stand to all beings in the gentler attitude, and run with quicker hands to help, after trying to help the lowest. These societies to protect dumb animals are in reality protecting every prisoner in his cell, every wild boy in the reform school, every pauper in the alms-house, every poor seamstress in her garret, every orphan in the streets; yes, and every prisoner in the wars.

If ever again the great woe comes to us, your wounded brother or son will be more likely to come back to you, and the war itself will be put off longer, and will end the sooner because in the time of peace these societies for dumb animals' protection have been active in the land.—*Rev. W. C. Gannett, in Humane Appeal.*

“Cruelty is the devil's trade-mark, and kindness is heaven's trade-mark.”

Of Cruelty to Animals.

a reason for exemption,
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn



Animal Happiness.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels *their* happiness augment his own.
The bounding fawn that darts along the glade
When none pursues, through mere delight of
heart,
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee;
The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
That skips the spacious meadow at full speed,
Then stops, and snorts, and throwing high his
heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one
That leads the dance a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vageries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
To give such act and utterance as they may
To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—
These and a thousand images of bliss;
With which kind Nature graces every scene,
When cruel man defeats not her design.
Impart to the benevolent, who wish
All that are capable of pleasure pleased,
A far superior happiness to theirs,
The comfort of a reasonable joy.

(Cowper.)

A Parable.

Now just within the gates of Paradise,
A green field lies, 'mid groves
And streams. In this
The shades of horses worn in service here
Do graze in peace, and drink the waters clear.
In state of equine bliss.
As once St. Peter barred a spirit's way—
(Conscience-accused of many kinds of sin
Outspoke a stage-horse phantom, "This man, Lo,
Walked, rather than increase my earthly woe!"
Then cried the Saint, "Come in!")

—Judith Spencer, in *Life*.

—vania.

Dumb.

(Sir Arthur Helps :) I can hardly express to you how much I feel there is to be thought of, arising from the use of the word "dumb" as applied to animals, "Dumb Animals."—What an immense exhortation that is to pity. It is a remarkable thing that the word "dumb" should have been so largely applied to animals, for in reality there are very few dumb animals. But, doubtless, the word is often used to convey a larger idea than that of dumbness, namely, the want of power in animals to convey by sound to mankind what they feel, or perhaps I should rather say the want in power of man to understand the meaning of the various sounds uttered by animals, but as regards those animals which are mostly dumb, such as the horse, which except on rare occasions or in extreme suffering, makes no sound at all, but only expresses pain by certain movements indicating it. How tender we ought to be of them, and how observant of these movements, considering their dumbness. The *human* baby guides and governs us by its cries. In fact, it will nearly rule a household by these cries, and woe would betide it if it had not this power of making its afflictions known. It is a sad thing to reflect upon, that the animal which has most to endure from man, is the one which has the least power of protesting by noise against any of his evil treatments.

An Unpardonable Offense.

Rev. Dr. Irvine, in one of his eloquent sermons, says: "To neglect the poor, speechless beast, that cannot appeal in your tongue to the commiseration of a passer by, is simply unpardonable, and the man who is guilty of such neglect is worse than a brute. The arrant infidelity of Balaam, and his sordid love of money, are secondary crimes compared with his brutal abuse of the ass which he rode; and the Lord wrought a miracle to secure a loud remonstrance. We have but one instance in the whole Bible of a dumb animal speaking, and the miracle was wrought to condemn the sin of cruelty to animals." *forever*

Vivisection Useless to Mankind

Vivisection is essentially and unavoidably cruel in itself. In order to obtain accurate results the animals must be healthy, strong, and in full possession of their senses and intelligence. The administration of anaesthetics of any nature vitiates the outcome of the experiment in any instance and destroys its utility in the majority of cases. To stupify an animal partially, to wait until that effect has passed off, and then to mutilate it, enables the operator to say that anaesthesia was employed and this course is pursued largely for the sake of *effect*, for medical literature falls frequently into the hands of the laity either in the shape of original reports or extracts culled from them and republished in magazines or newspapers. Indeed, vivisectors themselves abet the distribution of such reading matter in order to advertise their profound wisdom as investigators, and to impress the public with the idea of their importance as teachers, and therefore as being in consequence more skilful than the ordinary physicians, of whom the public know nothing through this method of advertising. * * * * *

Vivisection is useless to mankind. No animal parallels man in anatomical structure, in physiological action, nor in mode or object of life. The most rabid experimentalist will not admit that he has the brain of an ape in his cranial cavity, the lungs of a dog in his thorax, or the skin of an ass beneath his clothing, although he might as well possess them after he becomes wedded to his work, for all the worth he has as a practical physician to the sick and suffering. He argues from false premises, his deductions are wrong, their application to the treatment of disease is illogical in consequence. Man is neither a brute or an evolution from one, although he sometimes degrades himself *below* the level of the brute by his disregard of the written and unwritten laws of God and man.

(William R. D. Blackwood, M. D.)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

THE GENIUS OF PITY STAYING THE VIVISECTOR'S HAND

(After the recent symbolic painting, by Gabriel Max, Germany)

[*"The Genius of Pity stands besides a Physiologist, holding in her hand a pair of scales. In one scale is a human brain, surrounded with laurels; in another, a glowing heart. The scale containing the heart, far outweighs the scale containing the brain. The right arm of the Genius is thrown round a bound and bleeding dog."*]

Behold the heavier scale, wherein Man's heart
Doth far out-weigh his blood-enlaurelled brain,
Whilst, close beside, yon pitying Genius stands,
To stay the hand deep-skilled in craft of Pain!
E'en could ye point—men of remorseless soul,
To lessened pangs among the human kind,
Still might we question of the *final* gain
From hearts grown ruthless as the wintry wind
But when, from all your myriad victims slain,
By torments direr than the mind may know,
Ye cannot point to *one* exalted truth,
To set against whole hecatombs of woe,
Men in whose breast one spark of pity glows,
Should wrest the scalpel from your tyrant hand,
To shield Man's faithful, but defenceless friends
From mis-called Science, and her wolfish band!

(Elliott Preston)

The Horse.

H. W. Beecher: Society owes to the horse a depth of gratitude a thousand times greater than it does to thousands of men who abuse him. He has ministered to progress; has made social intercourse possible when otherwise it would have been slow and occasional, or altogether impossible; he has virtually extended the strength of man, augmented his speed, doubled his time, decreased his burdens, and becoming his slave, has relieved him from drudgery and made him free. For love's sake, for the sake of social life, for eminent moral reasons, the horse deserves to be bred, trained and cared for with scrupulous care. The teaching of men how to do it has been left too long to men who look upon the horse as an instrument of gambling gains, or of mere physical pleasure.

"Would'st thou draw near the nature of
the Gods?

Draw near them, then, in being merciful.

'Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.'

(*Titus Andronicus.*)

FOR PITY'S SAKE

A Story for the Times

The Tapestry Weavers.

+

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no
lesson can braver be—

From the ways of the tapestry weavers on
the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they
study it with care,

The while their fingers deftly work, their
eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of
the patient plodding weaver,

He works on the wrong side evermore,
but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops and the
web is loosed and turned,

That he sees his real handiwork—that his
marvelous skill is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty, how
it pays him for all his cost!

No rarer, daintier work than his, was ever
done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire,
and giveth him praise as well,

W. W.

Kindness of the Ancient Greeks.

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Perhaps of all ancient nations the Greeks were the most merciful to animals: in fact with them the laws of justice and mercy were observed as a part of their mythological religion. People endowed with such sacred attributes could not be otherwise than great, and consequently we read of their wonderful deeds of valor, and view the remains of their temples, their cities, and the grandeur of their architecture with less surprise than would be excited did we not know the history of their nation. An eloquent writer has observed:

“Death and torture formed no portion of the daily pastimes of the Greeks; on the contrary, they were sternly opposed to cruelty; and one of the three laws or rather precepts of Triptolemus was: ‘Hurt not animals.’ A striking instance of their abhorrence of cruelty is related by Phocius, who expatiates with delight on the illustration it offers of wisdom tempered with an admirable spirit of humanity. The Areopagites of Athens were famous for the justice of their decisions. One day they were assembled on a mountain, with no other roof but the canopy of heaven. A sparrow, pursued by a hawk, fled into the midst of them for refuge; it took shelter in the bosom of one of them, a man naturally of a harsh and repulsive disposition, who, taking hold of the little trembler, threw it from him with such violence that it was killed on the spot. The whole assembly was filled with indignation at the cruelty of the deed; the author of it was arraigned as an alien to that sentiment of mercy so necessary to the administration of justice, and by the unanimous suffrages of his colleagues was degraded from the senatorial dignity which he had so much disgraced. It was not only a part of the education of the Greeks, but, as has been before remarked, it was one of the tenets of their religion to inculcate a proper observance of the rights of animals. Although the lives of their poets were ideal, their teachings were never false in principle, and their statesmen were always true to the cause of justice. From this brief outline of the Greek character we can readily understand how that nation will ever be known as the grandest of ancient times.”

74442

“I have not lived in vain—

If I but stop one tear, or heal a wrong
Or lift a fainting robin into his nest again,
I have not lived in vain.”



Around the Lowly Manger.

Lo, on the first bright Christmas morn
Around the lowly manger.
The soft-eyed beasts with angels gaze
Upon the heavenly stranger,

We cannot know how far and deep
Their mystic instinct reacheth
Nor what mute sense of Right and Love
These poor dumb children teacheth,

But Love that can redeem and save
For evil good returning —
Can take *all* creatures to Its heart;
The *humblest* never spurning.

Honor the voice that dares to speak,
(The cruel jest unheeding) —
For those who cannot speak themselves
One word of humble pleading.

TO

MY HORSE, MY DOG, AND MY CAT.

Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, Patron of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, made this memorable and beautiful speech, to the Society, on her Jubilee Festival:

"It gives me great pleasure to receive your loyal and dutiful address of congratulation on the completion of the Fiftieth year of my reign.

"Amongst other marks of the spread of enlightenment amongst my subjects, I notice in particular, with real pleasure, the growth of more humane feelings towards the lower animals; *no civilization is complete* which does not include the *dumb and defenceless of God's creatures* within the sphere of charity and mercy.

"The labours of your Society have done much to promote this *moral* progress; and for the sake alike of human nature and of the happiness of the animal creation by which we are surrounded, I trust that you will persevere in your noble aims in which you will continue to have my warm and entire sympathy."

There are a great many lessons in these few words: "God made the cattle." "God remembered the cattle." "He caused the grass to grow for the cattle." "The cattle on a thousand hills are his."

A Sermon in Stone.

In an inscription on an Egyptian memorial stone discovered recently at Mount Barkal, there is evidence that acts of cruelty in high places by educated men were severely punished in the days of the twenty-fifth dynasty in the land of the Pharaohs. Dr. Brugsch thus translates the passage to which we refer:

"When his majesty visited the stables and the studs of foals, he observed that they had let them starve. He said 'I swear, as surely as the youthful Sun-god Ra loves me, as surely as I breathe in life, it is a viler thing to my heart to let the horses starve than all the other faults that thou hast committed. That thou hast laid thy heart bare through this, evidence is furnished me of thy habitual views. Hast thou forgotten that the shadow of God rests upon me? The proof thereof shall not be wanting to Him on my part. Would that another had done such a thing to me, an ignorant man, not a haughty one, as he is. I was born out of my mother's womb, and created out of the egg of a divine essence. I was begotten by a God—by his name; I will not forget Him in what He has commanded me to do.'" Then he ordered his (Nimrod's) possessions to be assigned to the treasury, and his granaries to the property of the government. Amen of Apet."

(PHARAOH WOULD HAVE MADE SHORT WORK OF THE VIVISECTORS.)

—From "Our Animal Friends," New York.

Our Dumb Brothers.

See a countless multitude about us,
Claiming sympathy—our humble kin;
Sadly have they learned to fear and doubt us,
Driven from our side by human sin.
Yet, though dumb, their hearts to ours are
speaking,
Help and kindness from us ever seeking,—
Kindness hard to win!

Inarticulate voices, groans of anguish,
Patient sighs, 'neath burdens hard to bear;
From lone places where dumb victims languish
Plaintive moans are floating on the air!
Soft eyes, seeking ours with wistful pleading;
Can we turn away with hearts unheeding
That unuttered prayer!

Innocent of wrong, our own transgressing
Lays on them a heavy load of pain,
Sharing all the misery and oppression
Man has wrought beneath his iron reign.
Touch all hearts, O Thou Divine Compassion,
Till they burn with generous love and passion
To remove the stain.

They and we are in our Father's keeping,
Whose compassion clasps both great and
small;
Not one wrong eludes that Eye unsleeping,
Not one humblest life unseen shall fall.
None can serve Him with a heart unheeding
His dumb creatures' inarticulate pleading,
For He loveth all.



"Open thy mouth for the dumb".
(Proverbs 31—8).

"The charm of a man is his kindness"
(Bible).

FOR PITY'S SAKE

"Are dumb animals immortal? Do you believe in a future life for the lower orders of creation? Do you expect to meet your good old horse 'Safety' in heaven?"

These questions were hurriedly asked by a young "theologue," who, surprised at his own audacity, was yet so much in earnest that it was clear that he regarded the subject as worthy to be considered by the wisest heads in the land.

The questions were addressed to a Professor of Theology, whose name is known and revered in two hemispheres.

Although the young man's tone was slightly aggressive, it was not uncomplimentary. His manner implied that he expected an immediate and satisfactory answer to any question he might propound; whether it pertained to time or eternity,—to life, death, or immortality,—to anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth.

I shall never forget the impressive air of the grand old man, as turning his keen eye upon the questioner, he slowly and solemnly said,

“Are dumb animals immortal? Young man! I don't know! But if you have one of God's dumb creatures dependent on you for food and care, I advise you, so to treat it in this world, that you will not be ashamed to look it in the face if you chance to meet it in the next.”

The Professor was the centre of a little group of men and women sitting in the twilight on the veranda of a country inn. There were guests who were staying late to behold the glory of the autumn foliage; young men who were studying the great religious truths in the renowned Theological Seminary across the way; and still younger students of the far famed Academy on the slope of the “Hill.” I was seated on the other side of the veranda where I could easily hear the conversation without feeling that I was an eaves-dropper. All eyes were fixed upon the Professor as he spoke, and eager faces showed the interest felt in hearing his views on the subject, but beyond giving this bit of sensible advice, the wise man said not a word. For a moment there was a silence almost painful. It was broken, however, by the arrival of a man evidently well known to most of the party, who drove up in a little open wagon, alighted, and joined the group.

“What do you think, Mr. Gates?” said one,

"Do you believe that dumb animals have souls?"

"Souls? Bless you!" replied Mr. Gates, "I have seen in my life many a man who had a smaller soul than my Abdallah, here."

The horse, a beautiful bright bay, on hearing his name, turned and walked slowly towards the house as if he had a right to follow his master wherever he went. Mr. Gates stepped down, met him half way, took him gently by the bridle and cheerily said,

"You want to come up on the piazza with white folks—don't you Abdallah?" Then with a loving pat on his sleek neck led him quietly back to the post, and continued, "This horse is such a social, companionable fellow that I really pity him because he can't speak."

"If animals had that faculty," rejoined the Professor with a merry twinkle in his eye, "many a man would get his deserts as did Balaam of old. Do you know that the Bible mentions only this one instance of a dumb animal speaking? And that this miracle was performed that the lowliest of creatures might rebuke her brutal master for cruelly beating her?"

"Yes," said Mr. Gates, "and I should like to see a few more miracles wrought on that same

line. If any sin calls for a miracle, it is the sin of cruelty to the defenceless. But, begging your pardon, Professor, you are not quite up-to-date in your estimate of the ass. I have just read a very interesting magazine article, in which the writer claims that the ass has distinctly more character and intelligence than the horse; that his 'stubbornness' is simply sticking to his own ideas because he believes in them, and in his ability to carry them out. 'High and mighty,' seems to apply to an animal of that description rather than lowly."

"I do not question the intelligence of the beast when I call it lowly" replied the Professor. "Certainly, the ass of Holy Writ showed no lack of wisdom. What appeals to me most strongly in the character of the ass is its patience in long-suffering. There is a sad contrast between the life of the wild ass of earliest records, a synonym of freedom, and that of the abject burden bearer of later times. The creature has been so roughly used by civilization that I have a peculiar sympathy for it."

"The treatment of domestic animals to-day does little credit to our boasted civilization," said Mr. Gates. "As I look at it, civilized man might get some points well worth the getting, from the old heathen religions. Founded

on the belief that all life is divine, they did not forget the humblest of God's creatures in their decrees. The sacred books of the Parsees lay down laws for the protection of beasts that put our weak statutes to shame. Buddha said 'Thy future birth will be unhappy if thou doest cruel things.' The belief in transmigration of souls through the bodies of animals no doubt has done much to prevent their abuse. I have always looked upon that belief as a direct dispensation of Divine Providence for the protection of animals. As someone says, 'Where is the man who would strike his dog a cruel blow if he believed that some long lost friend was looking at him through the creature's pathetic eyes?' When I see a brute of a man banging and jerking a horse for doing what the man only is to blame for, I confess that I feel very tenderly towards a faith that promises pain for him, of the same kind that he so mercilessly inflicts; even though its conception of punishment is colored by barbarism."

"I know," said the Professor thoughtfully, "that Lecky says in his '*European Morals*' 'The Mohammedans and the Brahmins have considerably surpassed the Christians in the inculcation of humanity on a large scale,' but a late writer who has lived long in the East, shows

the dark side of the transmigration cult when he tells us that a horse with a broken leg is left where it falls for the crows to pick out its eyes ;— that no man dares to put an end to its miseries for the fear that it may be the soul of one of his kin that gives life to the beast. So you see, Mr. Gates, that the results of a belief in transmigration are not always to the animal's advantage."

"True, no doubt," replied Mr. Gates, "still I believe that its general tendency is on the side of humanity. Dumb animals have a hard time of it whether they fall into the hands of Pagan or Christian. It constantly surprises me that all these centuries of Christianity have not brought about a more humane treatment of the brute creation. If thinking people would take more pains to show sympathy for the woes of dumb creatures, and more interest in the movements for their benefit, no end of good would come of it ; and not to the animals alone, for we all know that the cultivation of kind and tender feelings in the heart of man means a refining influence on society.

If I were a member of the committee to arrange the international Sunday School lessons, I would propose to have one Sunday in each month devoted to the study of animal life and

history ; to teaching the true relations of the lower orders of creation to man, and the christian duty of kindly treating all God's speechless creatures. Think how interesting the subject, how broad its compass, what a knowledge and love of nature a wise handling of it would develop. There is no lack of Bible texts for leaders, and no need of straying from the principles that underlie the Sermon on the Mount.

The children read that Christ was born in a manger. Tell them, as Dr. Talmage said in a sermon on the Nativity, that He was born in a stable ; that the infant Savior lived the first days of his life with the dogs, the asses, the camels, the cows and the oxen all about Him ; that He came to alleviate suffering, as well as to bring peace and good-will to men ; and the dumb beasts that were crowded into that barn, with all the animals they represent, have a share in the hope and joy of His coming. Tell them that the risen Christ to-day knows how these helpless creatures are abused by mankind.

I wish this plan could be tried. The earlier children learn to respect the feelings and rights of dumb animals, the sooner the millennium will begin."

“It is a simple christian duty” said the Professor, “to develope in children a spirit of kindness towards all God’s creatures, not only in Sunday School, but in the public schools and in all organizations for training the young. I agree with you, that there is an unaccountable apathy in regard to this subject among good people. Perhaps they have such trust in the humane societies that they tacitly leave this matter to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, as its own special province.”

“Our Society has done, and is doing a glorious work,” Mr. Gates replied ; “but as some one has put it, ‘It is efficient but not sufficient,’ O ! if all good men and women everywhere would only do what they can to uphold and assist it. When churches, schools, Young Men’s and Young Women’s Christian Associations, Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavorers, and women’s clubs, all own it as part of their mission to preach and to teach this wide world over the gospel of kindness to dumb, helpless creatures, a new era of civilization will begin. No man has a right to call himself a Christian who does not give christian care to the dumb animals that are dependent upon him. You’ll find it hard to believe a little story I’m going to tell you but I know it to be a fact, though

I am glad to say that it is a very unusual case.

One hot Sunday morning in July, a minister of the Gospel, who shall be nameless as he is heartless, got a team from a livery stable and drove out four or five miles from home to preach in a neighboring town. He tied the horse in the meeting-house shed and left him there. He preached in the morning—went home with a parishioner to dinner—conducted services in the afternoon—accepted the invitation of another friend to supper and not until after the evening service did he drive home. The horse stood in harness all that live-long, hot, summer day without a morsel of food or a drop of water. Very likely the poor beast was thankful that he was not tied out in the burning sun. The owner of the horse said that the creature was ready to drop, when driven into the stable. He made inquiry and found out the shameful truth.”

“Do tell us that man’s name,” cried one.

“It is too inhuman to believe!” exclaimed another.

“He ought to have been arrested!” said a third.

“You’ll sit under his preaching some day perhaps, so I’ll not spoil the good it may do you by telling his name,” continued Mr. Gates ;



“but if I ever go into a church and find him in the pulpit, something will call me outside at once.”

“You haven’t told us yet, Mr. Gates,” said the theologian, “what you think about a future life for the lower animals.”

“As to the question of immortality,” was the reply, “I am by no means ready to declare my belief in it, but I consider it a subject not beneath the dignity of man to study and investigate as far as it may be done. There are still more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

If not an atom of matter in the physical world is lost, why should the spirit that vivifies it vanish from the universe, even though it is only the soul of a dog?

Is man so well acquainted with the nature and laws of the vital force—is his own place in the scale of spirits so high, that he dares assert that inferior beings closely connected with him in this life will have no future for development or compensation?

Do not the lower animals have many of the same faculties that man possesses, although in a different degree? May not many of the arguments used to prove man’s immortality,

also tend to prove the same for beings lower in the scale of life?

One who believes in a law of compensation must think that somehow, somewhere, the helpless sufferers that have no comfort or joy in this world, will yet have reason to feel that life is worth living.

I remember that Henry Ward Beecher once said,—‘Why! if horses and dogs have not souls to be saved, what, in Heaven’s name, will become of their masters? For fidelity, devotion, for love, many a two-legged animal is below the dog and the horse. Happy would it be for thousands of people if they could stand at last before the judgment seat of Christ and say, ‘I have loved as truly and I have lived as decently as my dog,’ and yet we call them ‘only brutes.’

Dr. Talmage said, ‘I should not wonder if the horse, so banged and bruised and beaten and outraged on earth, should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted.’ He does not assert it, but says that he should not be surprised if, ‘after all, St. John’s descriptions of the horses in Heaven turned out to be not altogether figurative.’ I wish Dr. Talmage’s grand and ringing words in defense of the horse could be heard around the world.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

18

"The great duty of life is not to give pain."

Animals figure so largely in the visions and dreams of prophets and apostles, no wonder one is tempted to think that the Bible descriptions may be literal after all. Horses play a most important part in the grand pageants of the Apocalypse.

Imagine, if you can, what this world would be without a horse to drive, a dog to run after you, or a handsome, lazy cat to pose before the fire. I, for one, think it would be a mighty dull place; and one is forced to think that the next world might be a trifle dull without them too. When I read 'Beyond the Gates,' I was right glad to meet that fine dog on the doorstep of the home in heaven. "The heaven of 'Gates Ajar' was really the first heaven that ever gave me much satisfaction."

Mr. Gates, who had several times paused with a glance at the Professor, now laughingly said, "But I didn't come over here to read the service, preach the sermon, and sing all the hymns, I think it is about time for me to be dismissed by the congregation."

Here, many voices chimed in with "Oh no,"—"Don't stop,"—"Go on, go on,"—"We want to hear every word you will say and more too."

"Do you think it a good plan to clip horses

in winter?" asked a young lady who had not spoken before.

"Well! Miss Kate," replied Mr. Gates with a significant smile, "I know some most excellent people who drive clipped horses. In fact I have to agree to disagree with my best friend on that question. But, for myself, when on a frosty morning I see milady wrapped in furs from her bonnet to her boots, getting into her carriage where fur robes wait to cover her, — milord in seal cap and gloves with his fur-lined ulster buttoned to the chin, — the coachman enveloped in fur cape and rug, — while the horses stand shivering at the curb, deprived of the only covering nature has given them for protection against the cold, I cannot help thinking there is a screw loose somewhere.

If people who will persist in clipping their horses would leave the legs unclipped below the knee, they would save themselves much trouble and cause less suffering to the animals. The fetlock evidently serves a purpose designed for it by the Creator. Man shears it off when cold weather sets in; then spends the rest of the season doctoring the horse for mud-fever and scratches. There may be some sense in cutting the hair off in the spring when horses are shedding the winter coat; but

It is God-like to protect those who cannot protect themselves.

I call it downright cruelty to clip in winter, horses that are used for ordinary driving and standing about. If any benefit comes from it, the groom gets it. It is a labor-saving invention for him. You will find everywhere that grooms and professional clippers are the strongest advocates in favor of the practice. It is plain enough to be seen that they have an eye to their own profit."

This silenced Miss Kate, who asked no more questions; but two Academy students who had been interested listeners kept the ball in motion.

"What do you think of docking?" asked one of them.

"Don't ask me Harry, what I *think* of docking," protested Mr. Gates. "It is an outrage that is a disgrace to civilization. It is a fashion — a fad, that will pass by in time, and all its followers who are not utterly heartless will yet feel ashamed of having taken part in such abuse of a noble animal. The butterflies of fashion are in a great measure accountable for this unmerciful treatment of the horse, and a heavy sin lies at their door."

Here the rich voice of the Professor interrupted the speaker, and every familiar word had fresh significance as it fell from his lips.



FOR PITY'S SAKE.

“ ‘ A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.’

‘ Consider the ravens, God feedeth them.’

‘ He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle.’

‘ He sendeth the springs into the valleys ; they give drink to every beast of the field.’

‘ A sparrow shall not fall to the ground without your Father.’

‘ Be ye therefore merciful as your Father also is merciful.’

‘ A merciful man is merciful to his beast.’

‘ Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.’

‘ He shall have judgment without mercy who has shown no mercy.’ ”

Then without further comment the Professor rose from his seat, bade all a cordial good-night and walked away.

“ The Professor leaves us to infer,” remarked one, “ that people who are so merciless as to have their horses’ tails docked, will be likely to get cold comfort when they beg for mercy themselves. It *is* a damnable thing to do, anyway.”

Harry turned to the theologue whose questions had begun the conversation. “ The Professor is too sharp for you. You didn’t

get much out of him, did you, Mr. Leigh?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Leigh, "I think I did; although he didn't answer the questions I asked him. He is sharp enough to keep on the safe side. He can quote more scripture than any man I ever knew, and it always comes in 'pat.' I believe he has every word of it from cover to cover at his tongue's end. It is very convenient for him when he doesn't mean to commit himself."

Just then, a lazy old Concord coach, one of the last of its race, came lumbering up to the door of the inn; a merry party of young people on the top and a few gray-haired veterans inside. They knew that a late supper awaited them, so they simply bowed their greetings to friends on the veranda and hurried in.

The driver, unique from his broad-brimmed hat to his broad-toed shoes, his square shoulders built for "Saratogas" to rest upon, his sturdy frame to walk erect under their weight, was a survival of a class that with the old stage coach is fast passing away. One of the passengers tarried outside, grip-sack in hand, talking with him.

A handsome Newfoundland dog that had been lying quietly on the cool grass in a sheltered corner, watched this interview for a

minute, then got up and without as much as "by your leave," took the grip-sack from the owner's hand, carried it into the office and laid it carefully down.

"By Jove," exclaimed the stranger, "Is that the kind of a porter you keep here? Who

*"He who is not actively kind is cruel."
(Ruskin).*



*"It is a great gift of the gods to be born humane, with a hatred for cruelty and injustice."
(George Elliott.)*

owns that dog? Can I buy him for fifty dollars?"

"Not much," answered the driver, with a suspicion of disdain in his tone. "His master would as quick think of sellin' his gran'-mother if he had one."

The great dog understood that he had met with approval and with a satisfied wag of his bushy tail went back to his cool corner and threw himself down.

“That dog is a wonder,” said Mr. Leigh, “I have watched him many times when I knew he was trying to reason out a thing, and somehow, he always got there. I suppose you will say it is instinct ; but one may read pages of learned words on the subject, and still find it just as hard to draw the line between the instinct of an elephant, and the reason of the human animal that lives with him in the jungle. The old theories that brutes are merely soulless machines ; that their habits are fixed for all time, have been exploded by evolution,— which finds no impassable gulf between the mental processes of man and those of the lower animals. What next, but continued development and endless life for all ?

I have somewhere read that a trained elephant, when laying a stone wall, will now and then stand back and take a look at it as a human builder would ; and if a stone isn't exactly plumb, he will take it out and try it over and over again until it suits him. Sir Emerson Tennent tells wonderful tales of the trained elephants in Ceylon. When riding one

day in a narrow path through the forest, he met an elephant with the trunk of a tree upon his head. His horse was terrified and refused to pass, although the elephant turned out as far as the law required. The huge creature seeing *into* the situation, stopped, took the log from his head and laid it carefully down beside the path. Then, backing his ponderous body far into the bushes, hid himself from view until the frightened horse passed by. He then, taking up his burden went on about his own business as if nothing unusual had happened. That showed thought, judgment, and the ability to do the right thing in the emergency. How far is such intelligence accountable? Does the life endowed with it survive the grave, or does it end with the dust? We know but mighty little about it. Mr. Whittier in his 'Questions of Life' asks :

'Do bird and *blossom* feel, like me,
Life's many folded mystery, —
The wonder which it is *to be*?
Or stand I severed and distinct
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?'"

"Better give it up, Mr. Leigh, what's the use?" said a moon-faced man who looked as if he had never lost sleep in trying to solve the problems of the universe. "You'll only get



staggered as Mr. Emerson did when he stood before the Sphinx."

"How was that?" Mr. Leigh asked.

"Oh! they gazed and gazed at each other for a long time in silence. Then the Sphinx said — 'You're another.'

That settled it. Mr. Emerson turned and walked away without a word."

"What was that you read to us one evening, Miss Kate?" asked Harry. "It began, 'Somewhere along the line of intelligence the line of immortality crosses.'"

"Great Scott! Harry," shouted his chum jumping up quickly. "Who knows but you and I are on the wrong side of that line now? Come on! it is long past study hour." And away the boys ran down street as if on a wager.

Abdallah, who had been quietly standing at the post all this time now gave a low whinny. His master understood, and said in reply, "Abdallah thinks it is time for me to go home, and he is right."

"We are not quite done with you yet; I see that you drive without blinders," said a gentleman who evidently wanted to hear more of Mr. Gates' horse-talk.

"Yes! horses' eyes were made for seeing. I know no reason why they should be covered

any more than our own. Blinders are simply a relic of a barbarous age and do far more harm than good. Young horses are easily trained to drive without them, and they are the more valuable for it. Great care should be taken, however, in removing blinders from a horse that has been accustomed to them. Seeing the carriage behind him for the first time might give him such a fright that an accident would follow. The next time you walk down town *observe* every horse you meet. You will be surprised to see how large a proportion of the poor creatures have their eyes so closely covered, that the wonder is how they can see at all. We ought to be ashamed of it every time we look one of them in the face."

"I have often heard it said that it is no easy matter to get horses properly shod" continued the first speaker.

"Ignorant blacksmiths ruin horses by bad shoeing the world over" said Mr. Gates earnestly. "'True, and pity 'tis, 'tis true.' I don't think I exaggerate when I say that all the foot diseases that horses suffer from are caused by rasping, scraping, paring, scooping, and otherwise mutilating the hoof. Some scientists who have made a study of this matter contend that a horse should never be shod. They say

that the Creator knew what he was about when he made the horse's foot, and man's attempts to improve on nature have only caused disease and untold suffering.

A friend of mine lost a fine horse not long ago. Quantities of nauseous drugs were poured down the creature's throat for the colic. Blisters, that only added to his suffering, were applied for various imaginary ailments. Lock-jaw set in and he died in terrible agony. A post-mortem showed that it was all caused by a long pointed nail in his foot. Oh ! the horror of it !”

“It makes one's blood run cold” continued Mr. Gates “to think of the torture that horses are subjected to, with no malicious intent whatever. Now there is old Mr. Pinch. His horse is a rack of bones for want of proper food and care. He will leave him standing out on the north-east corner of the church on Sunday,—snow up to his fetlocks,—the wind blowing a gale ;—and if the old man happens to be a little late, he won't stop to put a blanket on. I saw the poor beast there one day last winter in a storm of sleet and rain. It was so cold I wondered that he didn't freeze stiff in his tracks. I led him into a barn near by, covered him up and left him. I told Mr. Pinch after-

wards that I did it ; and I thought it the duty of every man to protect animals from abuse and neglect whenever it was in his power. I believe he has been more careful since.

The outrageous abuse of dumb creatures has its hopeful side ; for the humane societies are pretty sure to discover and punish startling offences. The suffering that is caused by ignorance, thoughtlessness, fashion and folly, is harder to get at."

"Look at that horse going past in the road now !" Mr. Gates exclaimed, "It is most cruelly harnessed. The man who is driving is getting up a treatise on Astronomy or something or other that keeps his head in the clouds. He doesn't know any more about a horse than he does about a kangaroo. A bit is a bit, to him, no matter what it was designed for. Now the bit in that gentle creature's mouth is a regular jaw-breaker, gotten up for some strong, unmanageable animal, and it means torture every minute. Likely enough he bought the whole harness cheap at an auction sale, and put it on without altering a buckle. See how her head is pulled up by that over-draw check. I tell you ! every bone and muscle in her neck and back are aching from the strain of it. All needless unpardonable

torture. I'll overhaul that man before to-morrow night. I believe there is nothing that frets a horse more than the little wire bit of the over-draw check ; and nothing more purely needless was ever added to the harness of a quiet, well-behaved animal.

Many coachmen seem to be proud of their horses when they toss up their heads, champ their bits and fling foam from their mouths. Poor fools—they don't know that the creatures throw their heads *up* because they are in agony, and it is the only way they can move them for a moment's relief. Every owner of a horse ought to know it, and see to it, that his horses are comfortably harnessed. Now and then I see a top-check and a martingale used together by some ignoramus who happened to have a martingale on his harness and didn't know enough to take it off when he added the over-draw check. The two combined make a double contrivance for torture worthy a fiend.

I think it is 'Howard,' who, in one of his masterly articles on the abuse of the horse, asks this question ; 'Did you ever stand outside one of the fashionable churches in New York, or any of our large cities and look at the elegant equipages waiting for the worshippers ?' I have done so many times and

wondered at the hard heart of man. The horses are made wretched by uncomfortable trappings. Their heads are kept cramped in unnatural positions until their misery becomes unbearable. They grow nervous and restless. What follows? A sharp cut of the whip to make them stand still. I wonder if a cut from behind on the driver would have a soothing effect on *him*. The owners are inside the church, kneeling on their soft cushions, praying that their sins may be forgiven. Their prayers will hang between heaven and earth like Mahomet's coffin, some little time, I'm thinking, before they reach the ear of the Creator of the poor beasts they are so cruelly sinning against."

"The intelligence developed in animals that have a fair chance in life is surprising," continued Mr. Gates, with a glance at his watch. "Take, for instance, an ordinary horse that has never been knocked about in the world, the property of Tom, Dick and Harry; one that has been kindly and sensibly reared by people who appreciate his rights as well as his worth, and he is not only a faithful, useful friend, but a companionable one. Horses that are patiently taught what is required of them, talked to in a quiet, kindly tone, learn to understand what is

said to them and exhibit many qualities worthy a human animal.

I do not mean you to infer that I think there is no evil in horse-nature. I have seen as vicious brutes among them as ever stood on four legs ; but as a rule, they are good tempered and well meaning, and I believe that ninety-nine one-hundredths of the accidents that happen with horses are caused by unwise training, or brutal treatment sometime in their lives. They are made nervous and irritable by being roughly handled and uncomfortably harnessed. The lash is always hanging over them. Even the voice of the driver or groom often makes them quiver with fear. When they have been fretted beyond endurance, who wonders that they try to kick against the pricks ? ”

“ The end,” said Mr. Gates as he arose from his chair, adding as he drove away,— “ Good-night, my friends — good-night ! When you want another lecture on horseology, send for me. I’ll give you sound doctrine every time. John Boyle O’Reilly said that man deserves hell were it only for his treatment of horses, and I agree with him.”

A vote of thanks was shouted after Mr. Gates. Miss Kate then proposed that they should meet at the same place early on the fol-

lowing evening, and that all should come prepared to relate something of interest about animals. She wished it distinctly understood, however, that anecdotes supported by hearsay evidence alone, would be ruled out. Only personal experiences, and stories that the narrator could vouch for as strictly true, would meet the requirement.

This meeting with hearty approval, the party soon after broke up and all retired to the house.

“Kindness to animals is *no unworthy* exercise of benevolence. The inevitable shortness then of their existence should plead for them touchingly. The insects on the surface of the water, poor ephemeral things, who would needlessly abridge their dancing pleasures of to-day? Such feelings we should have towards the whole animal creation. We have *positive duties* to perform to those animals over whom we are master for however short a time. This seems too obvious to be insisted upon; but there are persons who act as though they thought they could buy the right of ill-treating any of God's creatures. We should never in *any way* consent to the ill-treatment of animals, because the fear of *ridicule* or any other fear, prevents our interfering. As to their being anything really *trifling* in *any act of humanity*, however slight, it is *moral blindness* to suppose so. The few moments in the course of each day which a man absorbs in some worldly pursuit may carelessly expend in kind words or trifling charities those around him, and *kindness to an animal is one of these*, are perhaps, in the sight of Heaven, the *only* time that he has lived to any purpose worthy of recording.”

(Sir Arthur Helps' Essay on the Exercise of Benevolence,)

- 34 The greatest of German naturalists, Alex. V. Humboldt, declared “Cruelty to animals is the characteristic vice of a vulgar, base nation or individual.”
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II.

“A pleasant New England village, not too far removed from a large town and the railroad, is the best dwelling-place in the world.”

The village clock in the distance struck ten. My little brother and I were now left on the veranda alone. We were strangers in the place, having arrived that afternoon. Although weary from a long and tiresome drive, we had sat there, willing and interested listeners to the conversation I have related.

Our home was in the far West. My father, a New England boy, had been prevented by press of business from visiting his own country, as he loved to call it, for many years. A combination of favorable circumstances had that season made it possible. How his dear face lighted with joy when he told us that he had made arrangements to devote the whole summer to a pleasure trip with his family ; that the time had come to carry into effect a long cherished plan, — a carriage drive through New England. This had been a dream of the future that we had enjoyed in prospect until we had forgotten to expect its realization. We set about making our preparations with light and

happy hearts. Our little party consisted of my father, my mother, a younger brother, and myself — a tired-out girl graduate. We went by rail directly to Boston where we passed three busy weeks visiting places where the history of our country was made, — exploring the beautiful suburbs of the city, — sailing down its fine harbor, — strolling on sandy beaches, — or climbing the bold rocky cliffs that in this vicinity give such fascinating variety to old ocean's bounds. My father then hired a pair of stout horses, a comfortable roomy carriage and a driver, for an indefinite time.

Here began our "Summer in a Phaeton" which in the end realized our expectations, and went upon record as the ideal summer of our lives. Free from business cares my father was young again. The June days were never more beautiful, and our enthusiasm knew no bounds as the great panorama of hills, valleys, forests and streams unrolled before us. We journeyed leisurely, taking ample time to rest for ourselves and for our horses until we arrived at the Crawford House in the heart of New England's grand and picturesque scenery. Here our stay lengthened into weeks. To me, who had all my life dwelt in a city of the plains, it was like living in fairy-land. The beauty of

nature was bewildering ; its charm and variety inexhaustible ; and we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of it with child-like abandon. From the Glen, the smiles and the frowns of the monarch of the mountains were equally fascinating. I had never known before that a mountain is a creature of so varied moods and aspects. I never wearied of watching the fantastic shapes and motions of the clouds as they wreathed themselves about Mount Washington's stately head ; of studying the exquisite dissolving views of light and shadow that played upon its rugged sides ; or of tracing the outline of the majestic peak when clearly defined against a cloudless sky.

From the summit, — who can picture the glory of the morning among these mountain billows, as crest after crest is flushed with color by the rising sun ? Who can describe the witching weirdness of moonlight above the clouds ; or the awfulness of a storm in the home of the lightning ?

From a sheltered nook near "The Profile," I gazed with tears in my eyes at the "Great Stone Face." The grandeur of the Notch, the wild beauty of the Flume, the charming vistas in the forest drives and the matchless views of the long ranges of mountains from Bethlehem,

Jefferson and more distant villages, all left precious pictures in memory's gallery in colors that never grow dim.

Was it Dr. Holmes who wrote, "He who would enjoy mountains must have mountains in his heart?" The world has need of men and women who have mountains in their hearts akin to these grand peaks, superb in their calm strength and unconscious greatness.

From the mountains, our return route was mapped out to the Maine coast; thence back to Boston along the shore. Our drive homeward in the early September days was quite as enjoyable as its beginning in summer, although marked with less excitement and enthusiasm. Our road wound through lovely valleys with sloping-roofed farm-houses here and there in the shade of grand old oaks and elms; over rugged hills on whose tops we rested long to feast our eyes on the beauty around us; and through long stretches of wild woods that had never known the axe of the destroyer. When we reached the cities on the sea, frequent excursions to the shore and to the fair islands on the coast, added a fresh charm to the days that were passing too quickly. Our three months with nature had taught us that there is more to live for than we had ever before imagined.

Thus driving on, stopping here and there for rest and recreation, we arrived at the quaint old sea-port of New Hampshire, — the River-mouth of novelist and poet, — the home of the "Bad Boy," who was not such a very bad boy after all. We had intended to remain a few days to explore this little city, so rich in natural environment; so famed in poetry and song. But there, the almost forgotten hum of business came to us from afar,—a telegram calling my father at once to New York. My mother hurriedly decided to accompany him, and a Boston lady whose acquaintance we had made at the Crawford, gladly joined my brother and myself for the carriage drive to the "Hub." Donald, our driver, assured my father that he had driven over the road before; that he knew every foot of the way, and a comfortable hotel where we could pass the following night. In the evening as we were making arrangements to proceed on our journey, he came to me and with an air of conscious importance, suggested our taking a well-filled lunch basket and urged us to make ready to start as early as possible.

In the morning we were up betimes and away. I knew that we were travelling faster that day than usual but scarcely gave the matter a thought. Possibly I felt glad to be hurried on,

The Docktail Parade.

Show me the man who docks his horse's tail—
I care not what his present station—
And I will show you one *whose pedigree*
Will bear but slight investigation.

One generation back, two at the most—
What do we find *on his family tree?*
No Plymouth Rock there, nor Mayflower stock,
No noble hero brave nor fair ladye.

His ancestors, in times not far remote,
Hid themselves in dens, dives, hovels and jails,
Minus soap, food, and clothes, just as now
Their descendants' horses are *minus* their tails.

Look for yourself as *the poor fools dash by,*
Are they not all plebeian plain enough?
That fine-bred horses should be tortured by
Such base-born donkeys is pretty tough.

Don't dock your horse's tail, then, *parvenu snob,*
If you would hide your low extraction,
He will have his revenge in betraying
That you sprang from a painfully small
And extremely vulgar fraction.

Kindness to Animals.

But who shall speak for those whose mouths
are dumb?

The poor, brave brutes, with patient eyes, and
feet that go and come

To do our bidding, toiling on without reward or
fee,

Wearing their very lives away, poor things, for
you and me,

The brave dumb things! no voice have they to
say, "Why do ye so?"

Am I not man's most faithful slave, his friend
and not his foe?

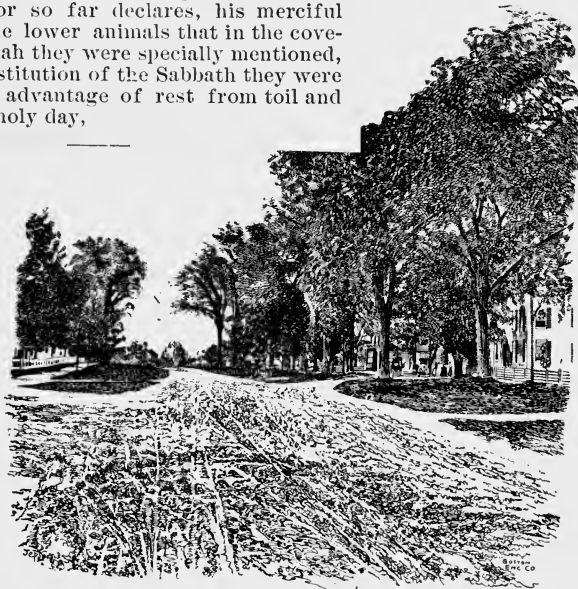
Give me one kind, caressing word, undo this
heavy load,

Nor torture me along the way with whip and
thong and goad."

*What can be more touching than the sight of
that submissive confidence—the humble obedience—
with which man is appealed to by those animals
that support his life? * * In man's brutality to
these the pathos of the brutes' submission is over-
powering.—John G. Shortall.*

Mercy.

In the Mosaic code of laws there are several special commands by which mercy to animals is enjoined. These divine commands, taken with such passages of Scripture as inscribe God's watchful care over all His creatures, ought to give us higher views of our relation to the animals that serve us, or are useful to us, and ought to inspire us with more of that "Peace on earth, good will to all," which our all-merciful and all-loving Saviour came to proclaim. Our Divine Creator so far declares, his merciful regard for the lower animals that in the covenant with Noah they were specially mentioned, and in the institution of the Sabbath they were to share the advantage of rest from toil and labor on that holy day,



"Driving up to the 'Country Inn' where my story opens, we felt its air of restfulness before we entered."

Character of a Country.

All history tells us that the character of a country may be determined by the manner in which the laws of kindness are enforced, and that among nations where the pastimes of the people have been the torture of animals, the seeds of demoralization and decay were soon sown. As has been very justly remarked, those who habituate themselves to the practice of acts of cruelty in time become so hardened as to have a disregard of *human* comfort and even of human life.

as our pleasure trip was virtually ended. About mid-day we stopped by the roadside, climbed over the wall, and in the shade of a spreading oak refreshed ourselves from the contents of the lunch basket. Later in the day, we reined up at a little country tavern where Donald fed the horses and brought them back to the door again, just as we were making ourselves comfortable in easy chairs for an hour's rest. He seemed so impatient to go on that we renewed our journey without longer delay. Thus from early morning until nearly six o'clock, we sped on, up hill and down, through clouds of dust that nearly smothered us. Little remains in my memory of that long hot day, but discomfort and weariness.

Driving up to the "Country Inn" where my story opens we felt its air of restfulness before we entered. The house was a well preserved relic of Colonial days ;— a house with a history. I was told that it was built by a hero of the Revolution, and that this peaceful spot was the home of his family when our country was racked with war.

All about were grand old elms that had been planted by hands long since mouldered to dust. Within were great wainscoted rooms — many-paned windows — fascinating alcoves,—



deep window seats — broad, open fire-places — tall mantels — rich mirrors, — all suggestive of the stately hospitality in the life of the olden time. This mansion, handsome and attractive in its youth, was notably rich in the added associations of more than a hundred years. No less than three Presidents of the United States had been entertained within its walls. The great claw-foot chair that General Washington sat in was preserved as a precious relic. Tradition pointed to the spot where General Lafayette stood and shook hands with the assembled throng. Distinguished people from many lands had helped to make the mansion famous; but its earliest occupants, by their gracious hospitality and far-reaching generosity in the cause of education, had conferred upon it its highest honors.

I was told a pathetic little incident that occurred on the Sunday morning following the death and burial of the last member of this family.

The old family horse listened to the “sound of the church-going bell,” as he stood sedately in his stall. What did it mean? Why was he not groomed, harnessed, and waiting at the door? Minutes passed and no one came. He could endure it no longer. He loosed his

fastenings,—trotted around to the front door, and for a moment stood at his post. The bell began to toll. What! Late at meeting? Never!

Slowly he went on unguided — stopped at the door of the church as usual,—then went to his own place in the shed, where he stood in a most exemplary manner until the benediction was pronounced. Service over, he joined the home-going worshippers, no doubt satisfied that he, at least, had done what he could to maintain the reputation of his family.

This fine old house with many fair acres of hill and dale surrounding it, became the inheritance of the school which bears the name of the public-spirited man who first called it “home.” In the care of Trustees who zealously guarded the honor of this treasured heirloom, it had for many years been used as a temporary home for the friends of students, and a summer resort for city guests.

The register of this Country Inn was rich in names of men and women whom the world delights to honor.

In the little churchyard on the grassy knoll near by, are names famous in history and literature, that will live long after the stones upon which they are sculptured shall have crumbled away.

I had long known of this historic town by the fame of its schools. I had met many young men and young women who had gone out from these institutions with hearts full of love and loyalty, not only to their Alma Mater, but to the very rocks and trees, the hills and groves that environed it. But the quaint beauty, the old-time stateliness, the subtle spirit of the far-away past that pervaded this quiet spot, had the peculiar charm of the unexpected and strangely fascinated me.

I felt that it was good to be there.

Can They Suffer?

The day may come when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which never could have been withheld from them but by the *hand of tyranny*. It may come one day to be recognized that the number of legs, or the villosity of the skin are reasons *insufficient* for *abandoning a sensitive being* to the caprice of a tormentor. What else is it that should trace the insuperable line? Is it the faculty of reason, or perhaps the faculty of discourse? But a full-grown horse or dog is beyond comparison a more rational as well as a more conversable animal than an infant of a day, a week, or even a month old. But suppose the case were otherwise, what could it avail? The question is not "Can they REASON?" nor "Can they SPEAK?" but "Can they SUFFER?"

Bentham.

III.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

It was a perfect evening. The old world seemed full of beauty, as I looked out on this charming landscape flooded with soft moonlight. The cool west wind blew refreshingly across green lawns, that with foliage and shrubbery kept the dust of the road away from this ideal spot.

I sat for a short time alone after my brother retired, the conversation I had listened to, and the events of the evening being uppermost in my mind. A small package that I needed had been left in the carriage. Knowing just where to find it, I walked out without speaking to any one, found the door of the carriage-house wide open and stepped in unobserved. As I came opposite a door that opened from one side into the stable, I heard one of the hostlers say,

"That team that came in just before supper was awfully used up. Why! that fellow got way off the road and drove round and round Robin Hood's barn to get here. He covered more miles than he would if he had gone straight to Boston over the old turnpike, from the place where he started this morning. With

four people — that heavy carriage, and such a hot, dry day — 'twas outrageous. I wonder one of them women didn't know better than to let him do it. Strange how little horse-sense some women have, anyway. I s'pose they're born so, and p'raps ain't any more to blame for it than they would be if they had been born with one eye. When women know more about how horses ought to be harnessed and driven, and their coachmen know they know it, there won't be so many knocked out horses as there are now."

My ears tingled with shame, but I had yet more to hear and stood as if riveted to the spot.

"Yes," said another, "and did you see how their heads were checked up? That might do for an hour or so, but for all day, 'twas infernal. That driver ought to be made to work with his head screwed back just so from mornin' till night, and be horse-whipped into the bargain. I'd like to be the one to put him through it."

"I unhitched 'em," said the first speaker, "and I didn't know what to do first to the poor beasts. After dryin' 'em off a bit, I turned 'em right out behind the barn and left 'em to shift for themselves. I reckon I couldn't ha' done better, for they had chirked up consider'ble when I took 'em in."

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The voices ceased, but I could hear the men moving chairs to the front of the stable where they seated themselves at the open door to enjoy the cool of the evening.

I got into the carriage — found the package I came for ; — then leaning back on the comfortable cushions, waited a chance to slip out and back to the house unnoticed, as I had come in.

Who can explain to me what followed ?

Did I sleep ?

Did I dream ?

Was I endowed with a sixth sense that put me in such close sympathy with my animal neighbors that I could understand their language ? Whatever it was, the occurrences of that night are a mystery to me still.

At first I heard low unintelligible sounds. As I listened, they seemed to grow louder and I could now and then distinguish a word. Where I was, or where the sounds came from, I did not know. Soon, by a strange sort of intuition, I became aware that I was alone in the stable, — that the men had gone — the doors were locked, and the horses were conversing in a language that I understood perfectly. I felt like an eaves-dropper, although I sat bolt upright in the carriage that I might not lose a word.

“What are you groaning for Ned?”

“Groaning! Who has a better right?” answered Ned. “I’ve had flies and mosquitoes all over me to-day thicker than the measles, and no tail to switch them off with. Just had to give up to ’em and let ’em have their own way. I had a tail of my own, that with a good vigorous switch would hit a fly on the end of my nose, and here I am, with this ridiculous stump sticking up like a sore thumb,—of no earthly use to me, and it mortifies me so I can hardly look my best friend in the face. Good Heavens! I’d go hungry and thirsty all my days and not complain, if I could have my tail back again.”

“Hasn’t your tail stump stopped aching yet, Ned?”

“Stopped aching? No!” said Ned. “I tell you it aches clean down to the tip end of the bone that’s gone. I don’t know how to account for it. I know quick enough that I’ve no tail when I want to switch it, but I could swear it was a yard long by the ache of it.”

“It’s a hard case Ned! but then, you are right in the fashion; it’s English you know, and awfully swell.”

“Talk about fashion,” snarled Ned, “Suppose it was the fashion not to have hands. My mistress would have hers cut off, would she?”

There would be about as much sense in it, as in cutting off my tail. Flies bother me as much as they do her. She leaves no stone unturned to rid herself of the pests ; then cuts off my tail and puts me in a stable black with them. Robbed of my only weapon of defense, all I can do is to stamp, twitch, rub, roll if I have room, and just tire myself to death fighting them. Mercy knows its bad enough to be tormented by flies, even if you have a tail. By Jove! hanging is too good for anybody who would treat a horse so."

"Whoa, Ned! you're running away with yourself," said another voice. "I advise you to get along with your trouble as quietly as you can. You may be sold at auction some day ; or sent down South where you'd have flies the year round instead of only six months, if you get too fractious. Didn't I see your mistress out here to-day patting you on the neck, and feeding you with sugar?"

"Supposing you did," said Ned, "My tail is gone all the same. Oh! it breaks my heart to think of it."

"Poor fellow, you are worse off than I am. I pity you," said another, with a voice full of sympathy. "I ought not to complain if I am so tired I can scarcely speak. We have had

an awfully tough jaunt to-day. Our load was heavy, and our driver hasn't the sense of a hen.

I thought we should drop before we got here, but he whipped us up hill and down, as if he thought we had no feelings. It wouldn't have been so hard on us if we could have moved our heads. I heard Donald say when he harnessed us in the morning, that he wasn't going to have his horses look as if they were half asleep; so he shortened our checks and didn't let them down till we had our feed at noon. We passed watering-troughs by the road side. Oh! how we longed for a drink. We pulled towards them as hard as we dared, but he only yanked us away and drove on the faster. I suppose it was too much trouble for him to get off and let down our heads. There were apples, too, lying on the ground under the trees,— beautiful red and white ones. Who ever thinks how hard it is for us to see apples everywhere, and never have a chance to get a bite? When the family stopped by the way and had a jolly time over their luncheon; there we stood,— our eyes staring up to the sun,— our mouths stretched almost to our ears,— our necks aching murderously,— but no one thought of giving *us* a rest.

It comes harder on us to be treated so be-

cause we have known better days. We belonged to a good woman once; who had plenty of money,—a great kind heart; and our home was one to be proud of. Many a time have we taken her to Newport and Lenox. We enjoyed the trip as much as she did, and always came in on the last mile almost as fresh as when we started. All because she knew a thing or two; and old Patrick who took care of us had lived with her so long that he was no fool, himself. When she stopped in the shade for a lunch by the way, she never forgot a bite of grass and a drink of water for us. We had the best of care, were harnessed comfortably and driven sensibly. In those days, life was worth living. She died.— Things are different now.”

I knew that the last speaker was our own ‘Brownie,’ and I knew that I should “be ashamed to look him in the face” in the morning.

Was he aware that I had listened to his pitiful story? There was no time to indulge in thought or conjecture. I had still more to hear. The next speaker was ‘Bay,’—Brownie’s mate.

“I was tied up so short last night that I couldn’t lie down, and should have been tonight if a man who walked through the stable

just before it was closed hadn't spied me. I heard him say — 'Idiot' — when he lengthened out my halter. This morning when Donald led me out, he said 'I wonder why Bay didn't lie down.' I pulled at the halter and tried to show him why, but he only gave me a slap and told me to keep still. He has had things his own way for a few days past. I wish we could stay here a week and get rested. That roll I had on the grass back of the stable did me more good than a night's sleep. Didn't we get a good bite of that grass, too? Why we were out there more than an hour. It made me think of old times — before our family was broken up and we were sold. You seem to fare pretty well here."

"Well! you might go farther and fare worse," answered another. "We don't go in for much style, but we are pretty comfortable. Plenty to eat and to drink, — not very often over-driven, and best of all, a chance now and then to run out in the field. It does a fellow a world of good to roll and stretch when he is tired."

"That's so," said another fiercely, "I know more of the want of it than I do of the good of it. Haven't had a roll for two years."

"Where are you from," asked one.

“Oh! I'm from a city stable where they have to economise in room. No one ever thinks we need to lie down and stretch out our whole length once in a while. It is only how to get the greatest number of us into the smallest space; so we have to double ourselves up like jack-knives in our stalls, and get on as well as we can. It's mighty hard lines though. Our stable is as tight as a box. There isn't even a knot-hole to let in fresh air when the door is shut. The ceiling is low to give more room for hay overhead. When sixty of us are shut in there at night,—I don't know what keeps us alive. I tell you, we have to fight for breath till we are all tired out. Whew! doesn't the air smell good when that door is opened in the morning?”

“Didn't that little cur come with you — the one that's kept up such a whimpering for the last two hours?” some one asked.

“Yes! that's our dog,” was the reply, “What's the matter with you Tobey?”

“Matter enough,” whined Tobey, “Tim tied me up here when we drove in at noon. He gave me some dinner, but not a drop to drink. There was about a spoonful o' water in that old rusty pan, but I licked it dry in no time, and here I am choking to death. Oh dear! I

wish they wouldn't forget the water. They don't forget to feed me once a day, — that's the fashion now, — it's bad for a dog's health to eat too often. I'd risk it twice a day if I had the chance. I think it's bad enough to go to bed hungry, and I know it's mighty bad for my health to be tied up here all this time with no water. Wouldn't I like to run down to that well behind the stable and just soak my throat? Wouldn't it be fun to have a neck as long as a giraffe's and feel the water running down the whole length? Oh dear! I suppose I shall have to stand it until somebody happens to think of me."

"You poor little chap. They are too mean to neglect you so. I believe I should go mad if I were in your place. I never knew what it meant to be forgotten, in my life."

"No! I'll bet you never did, Frazzle," cried Ned. "Mighty little *you* know about trouble, anyway. There are no briars in your hay. Your stall is large enough to drive in a four in hand team and turn round. You have all the fresh grass you can eat. There is an apple or a lump of sugar in everybody's pocket for *you*. You can carry your head as you like, and your tail touches the ground. But I'm glad you've got a soft snap, Frazzle. You're a good fellow

if you are *not* handsome, and you can go, *some*."

"That's so," said another. "One day last winter when you were trotting on the river, I heard a man say, 'Great Scott! that fellow has got sixteen legs. Is he a centipede?' There was a great crowd looking on. I tell you it was fun for us when you sailed in so far ahead. Yes, we're all proud of you, and glad that you're a lucky one. It makes us think a better time is coming, when we see a horse treated like a Christian. You're fortunate, Frazzle, to be owned by a woman."

"Talk about being owned by a woman," piped up Ned. "Don't I belong to a woman? Didn't she send me up to Canada to have my tail cut off—afraid of getting into trouble if she had it done here? Bah! 'Fortunate to be owned by a woman.' I'd like to strangle a few of 'em. There are some people in this world that ought to be turned into horses. If I had the handling of them, wouldn't I give 'em fits? You bet! they'd know some things they don't know now, before I got done with 'em."

"Oh bosh, Ned! You can talk savage enough, but we all know you're as tender-hearted as a chicken. If you had the reins in your hands, you'd just treat everybody as you'd

like to be treated yourself. You would heap coals of fire on their heads."

"Heap coals of fire on their heads," growled Ned, "If I could catch the man that cut off my tail, I'd burn him at the stake. But where is 'Madame'? Is she napping? We haven't heard a word from her to-night; and Dick, what have you been up to to-day?"

"Oh! I had some rare good fun this morning out in the yard," said Dick, laughing. "You ought to have been there. They are trying to make a saddle horse of me and I'm not going to stand it. Any man with half an eye in his head ought to see that I'm not built for a saddle horse. I had tossed off three or four boys who ventured to get on my back,—did it easy you know,—didn't want to hurt the little fellows,—only to let 'em know that they couldn't ride.

A nice little scheme was hatched up this morning, but I happened to hear all about it. The Irishman that lives over in the alley was here. There's more or less swagger about him you know. He wasn't afraid to ride any horse they could scare up. When he lived in the old country they used to send for him from miles away to break in colts that nobody could manage. The worst of them had to give in to

him every time. There was a lot more of that kind of talk. It all ended just as I expected. I was led out saddled and bridled and I felt gay. He jumped into the saddle as if he thought he was going to boss the job, but it didn't take him long to find out he was mistaken. I danced along a few steps just to make him feel good. He sung out 'Be jabbers he's a fine baste to the saddle, look a' that now.'

He had hardly got the words out of his mouth when he found himself sprawling full length on the grass. I got the laugh on him, fine. He had good pluck, though. He got up, pulled off his boots, threw his coat and hat over the fence and jumped on again. I gave him a second dose like the first, and then stood over him waiting to see if he wanted to try it again. He had got enough of it, so they led me back into the stable. I didn't know what would be done to me, but it was all so funny, they doubled themselves up laughing till I thought they'd never stop. I came out ahead that time."

"I'm glad if somebody's had some fun to-day. There's little enough of it for most of us, any time," said a voice I had not heard before. "I've been at work in the field, plowing and harrowing from morning till night. There hasn't

been much fun in that, I can tell you. Nothing makes a fellow so thirsty as working in the field on a hot day — be he man or beast. The men went every half hour to their jugs behind the tree and came back smacking their lips.

Why couldn't they see that we needed a drop to wet our parched throats as much as they did? Water costs nothing. Men are so stupid I have no patience with them. One wonders if they ever *think*. We had to plod on from morning till noon without a drop, our mouths and throats as dry as shavings. When we did get a chance at water we wanted to drink enough to drown ourselves on the spot. I could have drunk the well dry this noon. Strange that we can't be allowed to have a drink of water when we want it."

"No more strange than a good many other things in this world," cried Ned. "I've had about enough of it. Can't somebody give us a cheery word? The Colonel hasn't opened his head to-night. Is he dead?"

"Next to it," the voice of the cart-horse replied. "He's sound asleep, — been snoring for an hour. He's been out making calls this afternoon. He's tired. Golly! Didn't the Colonel fall on his feet when he got into the family he belongs to now? Good old soul.

He deserves his luck. He's in clover too for life, for he'll be taken good care of as long as he has a leg to stand on."

"Well, what has become of Beauty?"

"Beauty's asleep too. He never has had trouble enough to keep him awake an hour since he was born."

"Come Madame! Smooth us out a bit before we go to sleep, can't you? I need the best you can do for me," said Ned with a long-drawn sigh.

For a moment all was still, then a pitying voice in low and gentle tones began,

"My poor children, — I am wide awake. I have heard every word. It brings up before me the whole of my long, checkered life. I wish I could comfort you; but I have learned the bitter truth—that we are helpless. Men can do with us what they will. If they treat us kindly, we may thank our lucky stars and make the most of it. If they beat and bang us, we must bear it as best we can. Many of us know what it is to be well treated; but in the long run we get far more kicks than kindness.

I have seen in my day many a horse that had more brains than the stupid lout who drove him; — many a one that was less a beast, than the sot that held the lash over his back.

Men spoil our tempers, — hinder our usefulness, and shorten our lives, by maltreating us as they do. One makes us wretched by loading us with elegant useless trappings, — fastening our heads up so we can only stare into the heavens while our feet go stumbling over the earth. Another makes life miserable by burdening us with mis-fitting saddles and rough dirty collars, that gall our backs and necks, till we are covered with smarting sores.

One claps a stiff, gilded cover over our eyes so we can scarcely see at all. Another puts on our heads old broken down blinders, that inflame and ruin our eyes by flapping against them at every step we take.

They put cruel bits into our mouths, — then yank them when they want us to stop, — and yank them again when they want us to go.

If we are leg weary from long travel, they whip us because we don't go fast enough.

If we are tired and restless from long waiting, they whip us because we don't stand still.

If we see or hear something that terrifies us and need a quieting word, down comes the sharp lash to frighten us all the more.

If we step on a rolling stone and fall to the ground, they add to our hurt by thrashing us.

If we can't pull our load up a steep hill, they beat us.

When we are trying our best to back our load into a narrow alley, they swear at us and beat us again.

They let small boys with no sense or judgment, rattle us round over the stony roads till there is no strength or courage left in us.

They expect us to trot up hill and down for hours without a breathing spell.

They drive us half a day over the dusty roads without giving us a drop of water, when our throats are parched with thirst.

They founder us by over-driving, over-heating, and neglect;—then murder us with blisters.

They make us foot-sore by cutting away our frogs and pinching our heels;—then put on more blisters to make a bad matter worse.

If we sprain our ankles, they tie us up so short we can get no rest;—then blister us again. Why don't they know that hot water bandages would do us more good, and not hurt half so much?

When our teeth ache and are so sore we can't eat, they crowd pills down our throats to give us better appetites.

When we are not in good condition, and

our gums are swollen, they say our 'lampers' are down, and sear the tender flesh with a terrible red hot iron. Oh! it makes me quiver to think of it now. How would they like to be treated so brutally?

They feed us with musty hay mixed with weeds, briars and chaff, when the world is full of the sweet fresh grass that we love so well.

They give us the same kind of grain from one year's end to another, never thinking that variety in food is as good for us as it is for them.

They stifle us by shutting us up in air-tight boxes.

They put us in dark stalls where we can neither see nor speak to one of our kind.

They give us our death, in the drafts of an old ram-shackle barn with gaping doors and broken windows.

They strap on our blankets for the night, pulling them so tight with a jerk that it makes us groan. Then we eat our suppers and lie down to rest. Are we comfortable? Only one who has tried it, knows how that tight strap hurts;—and only one who has tried it, knows what it means to have his skin scratched off with a curry-comb sharper than a saw.

Sometimes we have a thick soft bed to lie on. Sometimes a thin sprinkling of saw-dust is thought to be all we need.

There is no limit to the abuse we suffer from man.

He leaves us tied out in the summer heat 'till we stagger with sun-stroke.

He shears off our warm coat in winter and we must shiver in our nakedness.

He stabs our sides with cruel spurs when a word is all we need to call out the best there is in us.

He carelessly takes the skin off our tongues with frosty bits in cold weather.

He over-works and under-feeds us. He mutilates and disfigures our bodies most shamefully.

Man forgets that we are made of flesh and blood, — muscle and nerve ; — that we have lungs, brains, and hearts, with needs similar to his own.

He ought to know that we can feel and suffer, both in body and mind, — and that kind words make better servants of us than curses.

When at last, the horse is worn out before his time by this hard life ; — when he has earned a few months' rest and a decent burial ; — what next ? Then comes the hardest

cut of all. He is sold for a trifle to be hacked about, dragging loads of old junk, rags, or garbage ; until, only a pitiful rack of bones, he is driven to the slaughter house or the soap factory.

Does man *know* that a bullet through the brain of a horse will end the life that is in him ?

Does he *know* that dumb creatures in this world will not yet be able to speak and accuse those who have abused them ? The mystery of our life is as great to him as is that of his own.

Man knows that it is his duty here to care for the helpless. God pity him when he is called to give an account of his stewardship.

I have drawn a doleful picture, and it is all true. But it is not the whole truth. If there were not a brighter side we might well lie down in despair. Human nature is not all inhuman. Everywhere there are noble men and women who are fighting our battles, and working to right our wrongs. They find it up hill work ; but they are made of good stuff : they have the courage that will conquer in the end. The good time is coming when the abuse of our race will be the exception and not the rule.

Think of that, Ned ! until you go to sleep and dream that we are all together in a great

green pasture: That a sparkling brook runs through it which is never dry: That great cool, spreading shade trees are scattered all about; That there is no iron in our mouths or on our feet: That you have your beautiful tail again, and that we are all comfortable, happy and free."

There was dead silence for a minute after Madame ceased speaking. Then the stir and rustle along the line of stalls told me that the horses were making ready to rest for the remaining hours of the night. Tobey's moans had ceased, so I knew that the poor little fellow had forgotten his misery in blessed sleep.

I have tried to give this conversation in the exact words of the animals, which seemed to be indellibly impressed upon my memory. I learned much more, incidentally; receiving impressions in a manner that I cannot explain.

Madame was many years older than her companions, and was evidently beloved by them all. She had known hard knocks in her life, but now her days were passing in quiet comfort, and she felt secure in her trust that the good friends who cared for her, would never suffer her to be left to the mercy of the cold world again. Her sympathies were so keen that she made the sorrows of those about her,



her own. They poured their grievances into her ear, and consulted her as the oracle of the stable. I felt the deference shown her in the impressive silence while she was speaking ; and in the few murmured words that followed, as they were settling for the night.

I had scarcely thought of myself,—until now, I realized that I was a prisoner ;—that I must stay where I was until doors were unlocked in the morning. I had no fear, although I was often timid in a less startling situation. My sense of companionship was so strong, that had I analyzed my feelings, I should doubtless have discovered that I regarded my fellow-prisoners as my protectors. Had I called out in fright, I am sure I should have been surprised if none of those great four-footed creatures (tied fast in their stalls) had rushed to my assistance.

I had listened with intense eagerness to all that occurred, forgetting my own weariness in the excitement of my strange position and stranger experience. The inevitable reaction followed ; and I joined the sleepers, to dream of green pastures, running brooks, and prancing steeds at liberty, with no man to molest or make them afraid.

"I shall not pass this way but once, so let me do all the good I can, to man and beast."

"O, the good that we may do, as the days are going by."

“ Pray, my dear friend, remember that there is every provision, the world over, for the suffering of our own race, and but little for the patient faithful, speechless servants who devote their lives to us.”

67

(*S. Morris Waln.*)

IV.

“We think our civilization is near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star.”

I waked at early dawn. On opening my eyes I at first looked about in a sort of stupefied wonder. For a time my sensations were confused and uncertain. Then, as if a flash-light had been thrown upon my consciousness, the whole picture stood out distinctly before me. I looked upon it as a reality and in no sense the freak of a dreamer's fancy.

I stepped lightly through the great open door and glanced at the long row of horses in the stalls. Most of them were still asleep; although a few turned their heads at the sound of an unwonted foot-step, and looked as if surprised at the intrusion. I hurriedly caught up an old battered tin that was lying upon the floor, filled it with water from a pump in the stable, and placed it by the side of a little dog that was tied in one of the stalls. I then ran to an open window, which I found to my delight was so low that I could easily slip out and drop to the ground. This accomplished, I walked slowly towards the house looking about

me as if thinking only of the glory of the morning, as the rising sun flecked the landscape with golden light.

The side door of the house was open, — servants were stirring in the kitchen. A colored man who was polishing boots at a quaint old table in the hall, eyed me curiously as he politely bade me good morning. I stopped a moment to examine the odd, antique table, which was worthy a better fate, then passed on up to my room, — put out the light which was still burning, disarranged the bed, and when the gong sounded for breakfast, I was ready with the earliest. I must have looked painfully conscious when I asked the clerk if our horses were in good condition to go on. He said that they had evidently been driven harder than we ladies realized, but the distance to Boston wasn't great, and they would go through all right if we took time enough. He also told me that they would travel much more easily if their heads were dropped to a comfortable position ; that there was no necessity of worrying such a quiet, well-intentioned pair by checking them so high. I knew I blushed crimson. Did he think I was a merciless wretch? Or, like hosts of others, criminally ignorant and thoughtless? I swore in

my heart, then and there, that never again should dumb creature have occasion to accuse me of causing it needless suffering.

After a little thought I decided to stay over another day. I wished to return the horses to the owner in as good condition as possible, and I confess that my desire to hear the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" had some weight in my decision. This matter settled, I joined a party of ladies who were busy with fancy work on the veranda. Others were there making ready for a morning drive, and among the teams that came to the door, a handsome snow-white horse and low, light phaeton attracted my attention. I made some remark about the striking whiteness of the horse to a lady who sat near me.

"Oh!" said the little woman as she looked up from her embroidery, "That old white beauty is quite a character here. She has a history. You've been to Salem, haven't you?" And without giving me a chance to tell her whether I had or not, she ran on: "Salem is the nicest, quaintest place, — it has lots of old Colonial mansions filled with the most beautiful antique furniture and the loveliest old china you ever saw; and the aristocratic families there can trace their ancestry back to Adam. People show you the houses where the witches

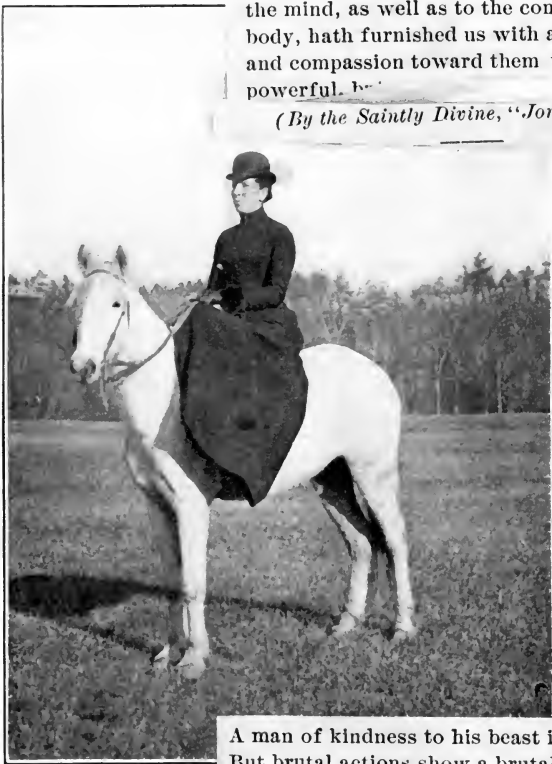
lived, — the place where they were hung, — and the very pins they stuck into their victims when they bewitched them. I got the sweetest witch souvenir spoon when I was there. I saw the house where Hawthorne was born, — the House of Seven Gables, — the first church ever built in this country, — and Oh! I can never tell all the interesting places and things.

I began to tell you about the white horse, didn't I? Well! she belonged to one of those old Salem families, — lived in luxury, — and never did any harder work than just taking the old gentleman and his wife out for an airing on fine days. They made a perfect pet of her. She used to put her head into the dining-room window and eat sweetmeats out of the old lady's hand. Those good people died within a few days of each other, and their fine estate went to distant heirs who didn't care a pin for anything except the money it would bring. This dear pet of the family was left standing in her stall. I think people who keep pets ought to make provision for them in their wills! Don't you? She was nothing to the heirs but an old white horse, so she was sold with other goods and chattels at auction. Wasn't it pitiful?

While the sale was going on a tin peddler drove up and — would you believe it? he bid

Cruelty to dumb animals is one of the most distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Whenever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness—an intrinsic mark which all the external advantages of wealth, splendor and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility, and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and goodness of God, who, having made the instincts of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion toward them very strong and powerful.

(By the Saintly Divine, "Jones of Nayland")



A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind:
Remember, He who made thee, made the brute,
Who gave *thee* speech and reason, made *him*
mute.

He can't complain, but God's all-seeing eye,
Beholds **THY** cruelty and hears **his** cry.
He was designed thy friend and servant, not
thy drudge,
And know that his Creator is thy Judge.

A Vision.

When 'twixt the drawn forces of Night and
Morning,
Strange visions steal down to the slumbers of
men;
From heaven's bright stronghold once issued a
warning,
Which baffled all scorning, when brought to my
ken.
Methought there descended the Saints and the
Sages,
With grief-stricken aspects and wringing of
hands,
Till Dreamland seemed filled with the anguish
of ages,
The blots of Time's pages, the woes of all lands.
And I, who had dreamed that their bliss knew
no sorrow
(Half vexed with their advent, half awed with
their might)—
Cried, "Come ye from heaven, Earth's aspect to
borrow,
To mar with wierd sorrow the peace of the
night?"
They answered me sternly, "Thy knowledge is
mortal;
Thou hear'st not as we must, the plants without
tongue:
The *wrongs* that come beating the crystalline
portal,
Inflicted by mortals on those who are *dumb*.
They crumble to dust; but we, watchers re-
maining,
Attest their endurance through centuries long,
Oh, fear! lest in future to judgment attaining,
These lives, uncomplaining, wax awful and
strong." *Julia Verplanck*

Sir Henry Taylor has written noble lines on
this matter—vivisection—going deep into the
heart of the question:—

"Pain, terror, mortal agonies that scare
Thy heart in man, to *brutes* these wilt not spare,
Are theirs less sad and real? Pain in man
Bears the high mission of the flail and fan
In brutes 'tis purely piteous."

her off for half what she was worth, then sold his own poor, lame, half-blind horse to some one in the crowd for fifteen dollars, — took the high-bred creature right out of her gilt-edged stall,— hitched her to the heavy old tin-cart and drove away. For months she had to drag the heavy load around the country until she was more dead than alive, when the man who owns her now, bought her out of sheer pity. He says he knew she was a born lady the first time he saw her. He turned her out to pasture, nursed her up, and now old as she is, she is a prize.

Her owner's daughter, you see, is an invalid, although she is better this summer than she has been for years. The father says that 'Madame' has done her more good than doctors and nurses. The old creature is so gentle that a baby could drive her ; and this sick girl goes off alone with her into the piney woods, and up on the hill-tops for views, — Oh ! you ought to stay here a month and take all the lovely drives, and see the grand views about here." I was quite willing that the voluble little woman should stop here for breath ; although glad to know this bit of the history of a creature that had interested me so deeply.

While she was talking, a lady who had been to the station to take a friend to an early train,



drove up to the door. Her horse was as strikingly black as the other one was white. I looked on in surprise as she sprang lightly out of the buggy, threw the reins over the dasher, said, "Go on, Beauty," and walked quickly into the house, leaving the horse to go to the stable alone. The yard was full of carriages which had been run out to be brushed and dusted outside. The horse, carefully threading his way among them reached the stable door without touching even the tips of the shafts that pointed in every direction. It was done with a skill that a good driver might have been proud of.

Another horse was then brought to the door and left standing at a post. Little as I knew about such things I could not fail to notice that this was a peculiar turnout. The open buggy was as light as a cockle-shell. The little horse, every inch alive, looked as if spurning the earth he might almost go flying through the air. I said to a lady near me,

"Somebody must have forgotten to put that horse's harness on."

She answered laughing, "Oh! he never wears more than half the usual trappings. The man who drives him doesn't believe in burdening a horse with what is useless. You see he has no

blindern, no martingale, no check-rein, no hold-backs ; still he has all that is required for the work that he has to do. Of course, if he had a heavy load to hold going down hill, he wouldn't be harnessed in that style. He is fixed now for a spin on the road and has nothing on to hamper him. That little fellow has 'held the road' here as the horse men say, for ten years ; and he enjoys a trot just as much as the man does that drives him."

Strange, how all things were conspiring to teach me a lesson that I needed. It had dawned upon my mind that dumb animals have a human side.

Speak for the Dumb.

Inscribed to The American Humane Association.

*Speak for the dumb, ye that have tongues,
Plead for the wronged, ye that have hearts,
Arrest and overthrow of wrongs
Are holiest of human arts.*

The Great All-Father loveth all,
Revealing pity by His deeds,
Providing for both great and small,
Anticipating all their needs.

How blessed are the merciful
The Great Redeemer's lips attest,
Declaring that each pitying soul
Is kindred to the spirits blest.

Who soothes a pang, or calms a grief,
Or shields the innocent from wrong,
Shall find in Heaven his sweet relief,
And share with angels in their song.

V.

“Yes, well your story pleads the cause
Of those dumb mouths that have no speech,
Only a cry from each to each
In its own kind, with its own laws;
Something that is beyond the reach
Of human power to learn or teach,—
An inarticulate moan of pain,
Like the immeasurable main
Breaking upon an unknown beach.”

Again, at twilight, the guests assembled on the veranda for the evening talk. The strangers who had before listened from the outside, were now seated within the charmed circle. My thoughts were burdened with the strange experience of the night, but I could not speak of it. It was so mysterious, so inexplicable, that I could only ponder it in my heart in silence.

Miss Kate, who had proposed this evening's entertainment, was called upon to speak first.

“Wait a minute, please,” said Harry. “Here comes the coach, I'll make Joe open this ball for us without knowing what he is doing.”

“Hallo! Joe, what was it about your accident the other day? Did your horses really get away from you?” called out Harry as the coach drew up before the door.

"My accident," said Joe. "It wa'n't no accident of mine—but 'twas mighty hard on my team, though. Golly! I ha'n't turned round for two weeks without runnin' up agin somebody who's asked me about my accident. It makes me want to chuck them boys into the middle of the river and leave 'em to get out as they can. I didn't have a ghost of a chance to stop it—jest had to look on and see the whole thing go to destruction.

You see, I stopped over there to Miss Plumb's and had to go up two flights after a trunk. 'Twas all right to leave 'em alone, for you know, old coach hosses'll most gener'ly stan' still faster'n they'll go,—and I knew these fellers wouldn't move out o' their tracks of their own accord, if I stayed long enough to pack the trunk 'fore I brought it down. An' I vow, I didn't s'pose there was anything on earth that could scare 'em. I was pretty well knocked, you bet, when I come out, and saw 'em tearin' down street as if Satan was at their heels; the old coach bobbin' up an' down like a rubber ball. They were headed for the stable, but I knew somethin' had got to crack 'fore they got there,—an' there did. Gee Whittaker! Didn't they go round that corner like a blue streak? You couldn't see nothin' for dust.

There's the cussedest lot of boys over in Bull Dog Alley you ever see, — in this town or any other. They got hold of a little dog, — a good for nothin' innocent little cur — never done any harm in his life, — but them scallawags jest bothered and tormented him a while, and then finished up by tyin' a tin kittle to his tail, and let him go. They thought 'twas good fun, but I reckon they laughed out o' the other corner o' their mouths 'fore they got through with the job.

The little feller run, howlin' and yelpin' — scared to death — right under my coach and between my hosses' legs. The dog wa'nt to blame — the hosses wa'nt to blame — but them boys deserved a good lickin' and I guess some on 'em got it that night; — but that didn't pay fifty dollars for gettin' my coach mended — nor for lamin' old Jim so I couldn't drive him for two weeks. You'd better b'lieve them Boys won't play that game on me again, for a shameder lookin' crowd I never see in my life, after they found out what they'd done.

The Boss tried to get some pay for damages out of their fathers and mothers; but you know sich trash never has any money, so he had to stand the racket himself. I make 'em sorryer every day, for they don't get any more rides on

FREEMAN, the noted English historian and noble humanitarian, justly declared, "that the awful wrongs and sufferings forced upon the innocent, helpless, faithful animal race forms the blackest chapter in the whole world's history."

"If, when giving an account of our life's works in that dread Day, we would find Mercy, remember that we will have to show the Omnipotent Judge that during our lives on earth we have shown Mercy to both man and beast."



The Home of Harriet Beecher Stow.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse.
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

(Lowell)

Man's Inhumanity.

Man's inhumanity to man is only excelled in extent and intensity by his inhumanity to dumb brutes that serve him. The law protects the poor and weak among men from oppression and brutality to some extent, but the few weak laws for the protection of dumb brutes in most of the states are rarely executed. Animals are beaten, overworked, starved and maltreated in various ways to an extent that is *disgraceful* to civilized and Christian nations. The eyes of animals are often knocked out and their skin lacerated by whips and clubs in the hands of infuriated and often intoxicated drivers and the laws for the protection of these innocent and unfortunate animals have no more force than the English alphabet or the multiplication tables. The world is full of miserable human beings and maltreated and neglected domestic animals, and the *noblest* men and women are those who do the most to relieve the suffering of men and animals, and the *most wicked* in the sight of God are those *whocause the greatest amount of suffering in the world*. The money king who swallows the honest earnings of 10,000 hard-working families and leaves those he has craftily and legally robbed to suffer for want of bread and clothing, will have a heavy account to settle at the end of his stewardship, and he will have to draw on a broken bank to make his payments.

(Col. Dan'l Dennett.)

The famous, rich, and powerful Duke of Portland (Master-of-Horse to the Queen), who is devotedly fond of animals, and one of the leaders in the Animal Cause in England—has lately discarded all check-reins in his great stables *and the Queen has followed suit*. We hope these illustrious examples will be emulated by the rich and influential of America also, those who love and follow all English fashions, who idiotically use the tight check, “an instrument of torture and device of satan” as noted English authorities well term it. The Duke and Duchess are foremost in all the great and noble Animal reforms of the day. The Duke has famous racing horses, *but never allows whip or spur* to be used on them, to his great credit, for he asserts that his horses shall win on *their own natural merits*, if at all. Would that all the world followed his wise manly and noble example.

One feels when reading an account of the horrors perpetrated in the vivisectionist's laboratories that if those experimentalists would leave the lower animals (as they are called) alone and would vivisect each other, society and science would be all the better for the change, and what is now sickening literature, and nothing else, would become in the hands of a graphic chronicler as interesting as the account of a trial for murder in France or a description of a Chinese execution. (*English paper*)

my rack. I'll give the fust one that tries it a cut that he won't forgit in a hurry."

Here the clerk coming to the door, called out "train time" to Joe, — who quickly turned and hurried away.

Harry laughingly said, "Number One — Coachman's Tale — not on the program. You will please credit it to me. Now, Miss Kate, begging your pardon, we are ready for Number Two."

FROM MY WINDOW.

"I am simply going to tell you what I have seen and heard from the windows in my room.

I came out here early in the spring and chose the room solely for the grand distant view. It is on the third floor at the extreme end of the L. It is large and low-posted, with windows west and north overlooking a beautiful country; the scene bounded by a horizon line of mountains. Wachuset, Monadnoc, Joe English, Crotchet Mountain, the Uncanunucks, Kearsarge, and many others are in sight, and have greeted me every clear morning throughout the season. The sunsets, too, have been glorious beyond description. All this I had a faint expectation of before I came; but it was left for me to discover that the fore-ground of this

grand scene, the field behind the house and stable, would furnish me with entertainment all summer. From my western window I have had such an opportunity to study horses, dogs, cats, cows and birds, as I never had before in my life. I have improved my time 'observing' on these lines, and believe it has been well spent.

Early in the season the birds fascinated me so that I could do little but watch them. The bobolinks were here, dressed in their beautiful 'courting-suits.' They sang on the topmost twigs of the trees, or when flying through the air, till they seemed to be bewitched by their own mad music. Now and then a flash of color told where an oriole or a blue-bird was darting through the trees. There is an oriole's nest now hanging on a limb not very far from my window. I can see a bit of hamburg edging on one side and a needle suspended from it by a long white thread.

There were vireos, cat-birds, red-winged black birds, swallows and hosts of others; to say nothing of robins and the dear little song sparrows, *galore*. Yellow-hammers, I am told, have built their nests within ten rods of the house for years. I have often heard the notes of whip-poor-will and quail in the distance; but

the sweetest and most interesting of all, were the little humming-birds that built their nest and reared their family high up in this horse-chestnut in front of the house. From an upper room one could see the long bills of the hungry nestlings when the old birds hovered over them with food. This room was occupied by a lady from New York, who watched this tiny bird family with great interest. After the nest was deserted, the little twig that held it was carefully cut from the tree, and she took the dainty thing home with her to show to her city friends.

All the animals on the place take their outings in this field that I spoke of. I have studied the horses until I think I know their individual dispositions, and something of their ideas of things. There are three old coach horses in use, so each one of them has a few hours off every day. One of these ancient and honorable beings, always comes out of the stable on the fly,—goes three times around the field without stopping,—head and tail in the air. Forgetting the dreariness of his life, he looks as if he might bring a small fortune if sold for a trotter. Then he settles quietly down to feeding and loses no more time. The other two seem to take supreme satisfaction in roll-

ing, before they devote themselves to feeding on the grass.

The stranger horses that come in from long drives, in nearly every case, stand still for a few minutes looking in every direction, as if trying to realize that they are free. Then they slowly walk around, select a level spot, and treat themselves to such a



roll that it does one good to watch them. After that comes the grass, until they are taken in refreshed both in body and soul. There

is a trotter in the stable that is my especial delight. When he takes his turn I always wish my room was a grand stand, and I had a crowd there to see him. I don't enjoy trotting, when there is a jockey behind, holding whip and rein; but to see that graceful creature, free as the wind, trotting simply for the love of it, is an inspiration. One day I leaned

far out on the window-sill, shouted and waved my handkerchief. I am sure he understood it, for after a round or two, he stopped and looked towards me,—

“Smiled and bowed,” interrupted Harry before Miss Kate could finish her sentence.

“As you like it,” she replied, “It wouldn’t have surprised me if he had. I have all my life been used to seeing jaded animals wearily dragging street-cars; patient team horses struggling to back great carts into narrow alleys; scared creatures rushed about within an inch of their lives by grocery boys; and the noble beasts of fashion bitted and checked to the verge of mortal agony. It gave me a new sensation to know that a horse could lead a happy life, and show it so clearly.

Midget, one of the ponies, often runs in the field from morning till night. His life’s work has so far, been chiefly play. He is as full of fun and mischief as some small boys that I know, and he shows it in much the same way. I saw him steal up behind old Baldy one day—give him a sharp nip—then run away as fast as he could. Midget did this two or three times; but Baldy’s one idea was to get as much grass as possible so he didn’t even lift his head. The pony, growing bolder, bit so savagely that

the old fellow evidently thought it time to stop it. He started after the little rascal so furiously that Midget had to scamper to get out of his way. The horse went on feeding, but I could see by the pony's maneuvers that he was planning another attack. Watching him closely, I knew the method was clear in his mind, when he fearlessly took a bee line for Baldy and nipped him hard as before.

You would have laughed to see the funny race. Midget going for all he was worth straight to the spot he started from — Baldy close to his heels. When the pony reached the fence, I was amazed to see him lie down flat, roll under, then deliberately get up and shake himself on the other side. I was so much interested in the affair that I ran out, and found there was quite a little hollow in the ground which gave him ample room to roll under, only in that one spot. I tried to make him go back the same way, but no! — he wouldn't understand my meaning. He looked as innocent as old Baldy did surprised. A man from the stable had to go out and lead him around through the gate.

You know the old well in the field, where the pump and the tub make such a pretty picture under the apple-tree? One morning Midget

went for a drink, but the tub was dry. He shook his shaggy mane and stamped as if angry, then mounted the platform, took the pump-handle in his mouth and worked it all ways but the right one, up and down. I think in time he would have mastered the difficulty, but while I was watching him, a man went out to fill the tub, so there was no need of further taxing his ingenuity.

I must tell you about the most novel funeral procession that I ever saw. Early in the summer a colt died in the stable. A grave was dug for the poor little fellow out in the farthest corner of the field. The dead colt was drawn out of the stable on a low-wheeled drag, by a pair of horses. The loose horses had been taken in, as such an unusual affair might be too exciting. No one thought that the 'stupid cows' would take the least notice of what was going on. Five or six cows were there quietly grazing. All of them looked up as if to see what sort of a conveyance was coming — then with one accord ran towards it, — fell into line single file, — followed the remains to their last resting place, — and stood there in as quiet and decorous a manner as any company of mourners, until all was over. It was most pathetic,

as well as one of the oddest proceedings I ever witnessed.

Down in the wood-shed, three stories below my window, there is a very interesting cat family. Old cats, middle aged cats, young cats and kittens have their fun in the back yard ; and it is fun for me to watch them. The cats are the special pets of the steward and cook. No one doubts that they live on the fat of the land. I have heard country people say, 'Oh, we never feed our cats, we want them to catch mice.' Such people ought to see these sleek, well-fed, handsome, graceful creatures, and know that they are the best mousers in the world. Tiger and the cats live on the best of terms. In fact, I think he enjoys having them purr around him. I might go on all night telling what I have seen this summer, all within the boundaries of this great field ; but I have already taken more time than I ought."

After listening to the mirthful comments of the young people on her show windows, Miss Kate turned to a pretty lady dressed in blue, and asked her to please stop the nonsense by telling something about birds. The lady began, by repeating a few lines from Longfellow, whose tenderness to God's humblest creatures is as widely known as his name.

ABOUT BIRDS.

“ Do you not think what wondrous beings these ?

Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought ?

.

You call them thieves and pillagers, but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms.'

Three years ago, the lore of bird-dom was a sealed book to me. Of course, I knew a robin and a crow ; and no one who is not color-blind can mistake a blue-bird or a black-bird. Beyond this meagre knowledge, a bird was a bird to me, and I made no pretense of knowing anything of its name, its 'hame,' its haunts or its habits. I was not well at that time and my friends urged me to go to the Isles of Shoals, where one can get the benefit of the invigorating sea air without the discomfort of a long sea voyage. For a week or more, 'Go to the Shoals' was dinned into my ears, till in self defence I packed my belongings and started. It was, to me, a red-letter day, for I passed four busy happy weeks there gaining health and strength ; and brought home with me a store of pleasant memories and beautiful pic-

tures of sea and sky that I shall treasure for a life-time.

You all know the Isles of Shoals,—those bleak, rugged little islands off the wee bit coast of New Hampshire? They are scarcely more than heaps of rocks with here and there a brilliant patch of verdure. To a lover of the sea, one of the most enchanting spots on earth when old Atlantic is on his good behavior; but a place of indescribable terror when the ocean is in a rage.

There, I met Mrs. Celia Thaxter, whose genius and charming personality have made her wind-blown home so famous. Every hour I passed with her, seeing with her eyes and hearing with her ears, some new delight in nature was revealed to me. I was forced to confess with shame that I had journeyed so far through this beautiful world, blind and deaf to charms that everywhere abound—only for those whose senses are in tune. I am grateful every day for the new joys that through her have come into my life. Mrs. Thaxter's enthusiasm and love for birds and flowers proved to be contagious. I studied birds during those four weeks with a will, and no one ever had a more inspiring teacher. A pair of bobolinks stopped at the island one day, and if

they had been a pair of Europe's crowned heads they could not have received more attention. She watched their every movement with a bird-like alertness, and not a note of their liquid music escaped her ear. Every one on the island shared the excitement caused by this distinguished arrival. The stay of the bobolinks was short as they were doubtless in haste to reach the main-land. Many birds of many kinds find these 'scraps of terra firma' convenient resting-places in migrating seasons.

I wonder how many of you know Edgar Fawcett's exquisite lines 'To an Oriole.' I think I can repeat them ; but I beg the author's pardon if I blunder, for one word changed — there is a flaw in the gem :

'How falls it, Oriole, thou hast chanced to fly
In tropic splendor through our northern sky?
At some glad moment was it Nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did an orange tulip flecked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward heaven until its wish were heard
Desire, unspeakably, to be a bird?'

One morning not long ago I was wakened early by the gay carol of an oriole. I sprang out of bed and to the window, for a glimpse of a golden robin is enough to put one in good humor for the day. There was the glorious

creature on the top of an apple tree under my window. There was an enormous caterpillar's nest in the tree, so hidden from the ground that it had escaped destruction. The bird went directly to it, as one would go to his hotel table for breakfast, tore the nest open from end to end with one stroke of his beak; then helped himself to what was no doubt a right royal breakfast for an oriole.

I tell you, the value of our birds as insect-destroyers is not half appreciated. We know that every green and growing thing has its pest, and that the birds are Nature's weapons to fight these pests. If we only had birds enough to do the business, thousands of dollars that are spent every year to get rid of canker-worms, caterpillars, and myriads of vile grubs might be saved, or used in a more satisfactory way. But how can we have birds enough if the hand of every man, woman, and child, is against them? From the time the eggs are laid in the nests in the spring to the day of migration, those who should be the natural protectors of the feathered tribes, lie in wait to destroy them.

We read that man was given dominion over the fowl of the air. Does that mean that every little gamin may raid upon and destroy bird's

nests and eggs wherever he finds them ? Does it mean that every proper little school boy shall be encouraged to take just one egg of a kind from the nests to make a 'collection' ? Does it mean that our young men shall further aid this process of extermination with fire arms, and bang away at every harmless feathered creature which crosses their path in the forest ?

Does it mean that the most beautiful birds on earth shall be hunted out of existence for the purpose of supplying the world with feather dusters ? Does it mean that the innocents shall be slaughtered by the wholesale, that women's hats and bonnets may be adorned with the gay plumage of poor murdered things ?

'A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
 The very St. Bartholomew of Birds.'

It is said that American dealers alone, receive five millions of birds yearly for millinery purposes. Imagine the numbers used in London, Paris, and all the other great cities on the other side. Think of thirty-two thousand dead humming-birds in a single consignment received by a London dealer ! and eight hundred thousand pairs of wings, in one fell swoop !

Why cannot 'gentle woman' adorn herself with ribbons and flowers — and let the sweet

songsters live? Why will she demand the sacrifice of the nightingale that she may decorate her head with its wings? How long will she cling to this barbarous custom;—crowning herself with a tuft of feathers—the head-gear of a savage?

Fashion says that my lady must wear the remains of a dead bird upon her hat, and she is too week-kneed to stand up and protest against the abominable decree. Women alone can put a stop to this wholesale horror that threatens the extinction of whole families of these beautiful creatures. The trade in dead birds which has reached tremendous proportions, is like other trades, dependent upon demand and supply. From the appearance of the shop windows I judge that the supply is now abundant. Women, alone, can put a stop to the demand. It is high time for them to cry aloud against this cruelty.

The sufferings of the mother-bird must touch the mother-pity in woman, as she reads again and again the story—‘Torn from her nest, stripped of her beautiful plumage, thrown upon the ground to die in agony at the foot of the tree, where she can hear the cries of her starving little ones in the nest above.’

All this, for a tuft of feathers ! What *savages* these mortals be !

Every right-minded woman should look this matter squarely in the face and say to herself, 'What can I do to put a stop to this evil ?' Whatsoever her conscience answers ; let her do it with all her might.

" Ah, life, and joy, and song, depend upon it,
Are costly trimmings for a woman's bonnet."

Farmers would be working for their own interests if they would form leagues to forbid all shooting of birds on their premises. School boards and teachers can become a mighty power in training the rising generation to love and protect the little warblers. May not some force be brought to bear upon the legislative bodies of every state in our Union, that will cause them not only to pass laws for the protection of the birds, but to *enforce* them also ?

It is a serious matter and worthy the attention of every man, woman, and child, in Christendom. But, Oh dear ! one may talk and talk till all is blue, and this destruction of the dear, bright, beautiful creatures will still go on. Some day we shall discover that whole families of our native song-birds are gone, — exterminated ; — and the National Museum will send scientists to and fro, here and there, to gather

if possible enough to reconstruct 'specimens.' They cannot reconstruct their song, even with the aid of the 'wizard's' latest invention.

There are cases, we are told, where certain kinds of birds in great numbers are so destructive that man, in self defence, is obliged to use heroic measures. One does not willingly believe the stories told of the transformation scenes that take place in the lives of our beloved bobolinks. It would seem that they carry on a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde sort of life; charming us at the North with their beauty and their rollicking song; then, in the homely garb of reed birds and rice birds, enraging the farmers and planters of the South by wantonly destroying their grain crops.

We will not quarrel with the planters for trying to exterminate their visitors if they are, in truth, so very destructive. We will trust, however, that they will never succeed; for when the spring comes and there are no bobolinks in the meadows of New England, the inhabitants will have cause to mourn."

"What are you doing?" said a young mother to her little daughter who had been allowed to sit up long after her bed-time.

"I am trying to get this dear little humming-bird off my hat, and I'll never, never, wear

another birdie as long as I live," said the little girl, with tears in her voice if not in her eyes.

"I will take back all I have said about the hopelessness of talking on this matter," continued the lady in blue, "this is bearing fruit already. I will believe that every word, in season, and out of season. will 'tell,' although we may sometimes get desperately discouraged. I remember a little incident apropos of this. You know in warm climates poultry is brought to market alive. I was in one of our southern cities last winter, and it constantly distressed me to see fowls crowded into dirty little coops, and left out in the blazing sun from morning till night often without food or water. One day, stopping in front of a market, I looked for a moment at the wretched drooping creatures ; then, summoning what tact I could command, ventured in and asked one of the men in charge to go out and give the fowls some water. He colored to the roots of his hair as he said, 'Oh ! they've had plenty of water to-day.' I insisted on his going out with me to the coops. On seeing the condition the creatures were in, he acknowledged that the tins were pretty dry.

'Yes,' said I, 'they were dry this morning, dry this noon, and now it is nearly night and not a drop of water have these poor things had to-day.'

He poured water into the tins. I watched the thirsty creatures as they tumbled over each other in haste to reach the cooling drink, and fancied they were giving thanks when they lifted their heads to let it run down their parched throats. Strange, that the public doesn't demand better treatment of them for health's sake if not for humanity's. How can people buy for food, the heated, feverish, neglected chickens that have been cooped up for hours, uncovered, in the burning sun.

About three weeks after this, when out walking in the suburbs one morning, I met a man with a market basket on his arm. His face was familiar, though I couldn't place him. He looked at me in such an interested way, his hand half raised as if to lift his hat, that I ventured to bow. In an instant, his face beaming all over, he called out in the cheeriest way, 'Good morning, Lady, I've watered my hens to-day.' You may be sure I gave him my approval with no uncertain sound. I never saw him again; but I have the satisfaction of knowing, that when shaking in my shoes, I appealed to him in behalf of his suffering fowls I sowed a seed that quickly brought forth good fruit.

People in hot climates who rarely go out

without spreading generous umbrellas over their own heads, are strangely indifferent to the comfort of animals. They leave horses hitched for hours in the burning sun, without giving them a thought. I have seen mocking-birds, in cages that were hung against hot brick walls where nothing but sun-set could give them any relief. I suppose mocking-birds will be caught and caged as long as northern people will buy them. How one's heart aches for the restless captives, hopelessly beating their wings against their prison bars. When free in its own sunny South, poised on the topmost branch of an orange tree, the mocking-bird pours forth a most surprising torrent of melody ; but in captivity its song grows harsh and shrill.

To take another point of view. Few of us, even the most thoughtful, realize how early in life habits are formed and characters moulded. The force of early impressions is tremendous. Memory's pictures of childhood are clear cut and strong, as compared with the faint, imperfect prints of later years. What shall be the character of these deep and lasting impressions is a vital question to the educator of children. The hope of the future is in the public schools. What they are doing to-day is a cause, that will produce its effect in the days to come. Are

they educating the head at the expense of the heart? Are they developing moral and spiritual growth side by side with the intellectual, in the building up of character? The aim and ideals of modern education are noble and true beyond a question. It is a wise leader, however, who recognizes the best means to the desired end.

The science studies in the public schools are opening the eyes of children to-day, so that life ought to mean far more to them than it did to children a generation ago. But the importance of studying nature aright is infinite. What a charming picture of a nature study Longfellow drew when he wrote of the infant Agassiz,

‘And Nature the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: Here is a story book
Thy Father hath written for thee.

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.”

Emerson struck a key-note when he said, ‘He who knows what sweetness and virtue are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchant-

ments is the rich and royal man.' The question is, what methods shall be used to come at these enchantments? I think it is time to change the base of nature studies when birds and squirrels are kept in miserable captivity in the school-room that the children may observe them and their habits. When tad-poles, dead and dying, in bottles of fetid water are held before the class for the purpose of illustration. When every small child has its own wide-mouthed bottle,—labelled poison,—in which it kills all the creeping, flying' hopping little creatures it can lay its hands on, for a 'collection.' Would it not be far wiser to have for each school, a fine full collection of insects properly prepared for general use?

When I was a small child in the public schools, we read from Bryant,

'Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's Teachings.'

And from Cowper,

'I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.'

Wordsworth's tender lines to birds and butterflies stirred our sympathies, Scott's beautiful tribute to the faithful dog touched our hearts.

We read 'The Birds of Killingworth,' 'The Bell of Atri,' and many other selections of similar spirit. We not only read them but committed them to memory, and memory holds them still. The lesson we learned from them is never to be forgotten.

The influence of humane literature on young minds is inestimable. I believe with Mr. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 'that just so soon and so far as we pour into our schools the literature of mercy towards the lower creatures; just so soon and so far shall we reach the roots, not only of cruelty but of *crime*.' Speaking of President Angell suggests another quotation,

'That man I honor and revere,
Who without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast,
And tames with 'his unflinching hand
The brutes that wear our form and face,
The were-wolves of the human race.'

With John Burroughs, Bradford Torrey, Olive Thorne Miller, and many other bird-lovers, how rich the schools are in bird-lore to-day. How rich, too, in literature to aid and inspire the nature studies on every line.

Dissection of small animals is thought by some public school instructors to be an important feature in the new educational methods. Training children to observe, to think, and to form their own conclusions, is no doubt leading them along the lines of true education. But, for the love of God! why give them gruesome death to 'observe,' when the world is full of life, light and beauty? Why put murderous thoughts into their young minds? Why nurture cruel instincts in hearts that should be filled with tenderness? Cannot all necessary instruction be given in some way that will not thus early familiarize them with cruelty and blood? Will not the microscope serve better than the scalpel to show to the young the wonders of nature, to increase their power to see the beautiful, to inspire them with nobler impulses and higher thoughts?

When out driving one day, I passed a party of very small children who were catching butterflies among the wild flowers by the roadside. Some had nets, but those who had none used their hats very deftly. I stopped and asked what they were going to do with them. A dirty-faced little boy answered, 'Put 'em in the sullen.' Imagine butterfly life in a cellar! The beautiful Parable of Mrs. Gatty makes no

provision for such a possibility. Think of all these little people with nets and bottles devoting their play-time to catching and killing insects, and observing them in their dying agonies ! It did not surprise me, for I had read in a guide-book to teachers these words, 'Encourage the children to make collections for themselves.' This was followed by directions for preparing and administering the poison.

Imagine all the public school children in the country turned loose to make 'collections' of birds' eggs and butterflies. No mistake would be made if they were sent out to aid the birds in a crusade against canker-worms, tussock moths, and *such*. Many kinds of beetles, bugs, wasps, and guaze-winged flies are vigorous co-workers with the birds in making warfare on injurious grubs. Through ignorance and thoughtlessness these natural protectors of the crops have too long been destroyed by man. All that children can learn towards distinguishing between the friendly insects and the destructive pests, will be capital, for the next generation.

You may call me a crank, but I believe it is a mistake to teach *Botany* to very young children as it is often taught. I would have the little people first learn to love the spirit of

the flower. I would have them study its beauty of form and color, try to draw and possibly to paint it, learn to handle it tenderly and preserve its frail life as long as possible, instead of ruthlessly tearing the dear thing in pieces to find out how many stamens, pistils, petals, it may have and who or what are its family relations. There will be time enough to study the physical mechanism, after reverence and love for nature's sweetest things are implanted in the heart.

But wasn't I asked to tell you something about birds? I beg your pardon for letting them fly away from me."

Here, Miss Kate, the moving spirit of the party, said to Tom and Harry, "Now boys, if you have anything to say, this is your time. I shall not allow you to stay after study hour, to run the risk of adding to a list of marks that I know is already dangerously long."

WHAT TOM HAS TO SAY ABOUT DOGS.

"I wish I could see my dog to-night. I never went so long before without a dog to follow me. Some of the fellows keep them in their rooms, or tied up in sheds where they board ; but I wouldn't give a picayune for a dog unless I could keep him in good condition.

Deliver me from an unhappy dog. My dogs are always fed twice a day — I don't believe in this one meal theory. They are never chained, unless it is necessary for some special reason. At home, there is plenty of water near by so they can get all they want, to drink or to swim in any hour of the day. Given — plenty of food, water, and exercise, and your dog is pretty sure to be all right. I tell you, if you want a friend that will stick by you through thick and thin, lay up nothing against you, follow you to the ends of the earth and starve to death on your grave,— get a good dog.

One can never be very lonely with a bright dog for company. I am acquainted with a good many fine dogs but don't have a chance to meet them very often now. My uncle in Somerville has a Newfoundland, a great splendid fellow, who never fails to meet his master at the station on the arrival of the five-twenty train out from Boston. How the dog knows that particular train, when trains are coming and going every minute, is the query."

"How's this, Tom? Do you use the pronoun 'who' at your school in speaking of dogs?" interrupted some one.

"Well, if Sir Walter Scott can use 'who' in writing of a cat," said Tom, "I think I may be

forgiven. No more interruptions please unless for applause.

A cousin of mine has a little black and tan terrier, a knowing little chap as ever lived. Every Sunday morning the dog goes to church fully an hour before any of the family starts. When they get there, the little fellow meets them in the vestibule, wiggling all over, he is so glad they have come. But his Sunday evening performance is still funnier. My cousin's best girl lives a mile or more away, but there is never a Sunday night that the dog doesn't get there first. You may be sure he is cordially received and well entertained until his master appears.

Some of you who were here two years ago must remember a setter named Jake that belonged to a gentleman boarding here. There was nothing remarkable looking about Jake, but he did some queer things. Soon after he left here his master's father died. The dog grew restless and seemed all the time to be looking for the old gentleman of whom he was very fond. One day Jake went with his master into a photographer's rooms in the city where a photograph of the father, that had been thrown up to nearly life size, stood on a low rack with several others. The dog wandered

about the room — stopped before this picture — looked at it sharply, tried to get behind it; then taking the pasteboard in his mouth he threw himself down upon the floor and deliberately tore it in pieces. His master and the artist stood by and quietly watched the whole proceeding. Now, what could the dog have thought? Did he suppose that the old gentleman was somehow in the picture, and tearing it would let him out? or was he so disgusted when he found the sham that he made an end of it on the spot?

Jake was sent to a farm in the country the next fall, where he had a good home and a chance to run in the woods often enough to keep him in good spirits. The woman of the house, a hard worker like most country women, was washing one Monday morning, Jake, her only companion lying in a warm corner on the floor. As she put the last stick of wood into the stove she said to the dog, ‘Jake, I should think you might go out and bring me in some more wood.’ To her amazement he started for the wood-pile, and brought in one stick at a time until the box was full. When the good woman told the story she said she was about as much frightened as she was surprised.

I sometimes think if dogs could speak they

might tell us a good many things that would surprise us. That ridiculous little pug sitting there on the horse-block, looks now, as if he could solve problems and clear up mysteries that stagger the knowing ones. Whoever gave him his name had an eye to the fitness of things, for no 'Judge' ever wore the wig who looked wiser than he.

And that tiny 'Daniel Deronda,' Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' little pet, has his full share of brains. I saw him do a neat thing one day. Miss Phelps came into the hall here and passed on into the office. The little dog was following her, but to my surprise he stopped on the door-sill. He is just a bit afraid of the Newfoundland. He didn't dare to pass the great dog *who* was lying in the narrowest part of the passage. I have been told that Tiger treated him shabbily once on a time, but I am inclined to think it was only rough play. Daniel hesitated an instant — then rushed up the front stairs — though the upper hall — down the back stairs — and ran into the office looking quite conscious that he had overcome the difficulty very cleverly.

Mrs. Stowe used to be very fond of dogs. People who remember her when the stone cabin was her home, often speak of her beauti-

ful dogs and of her love for them. She had a fine grey-hound that was presented to her when she was abroad. There are two little grassy mounds on the old place now ; one, on the lawn in front of the house under the shrubbery, the other, under a horse-chestnut tree at the rear. The lady who lives there has always carefully preserved them, because, she says, they look so much like little graves. Not long ago, when a son and a daughter of Mrs. Stowe visited the old home, she found out that they were the graves of little dogs. It gladdened the hearts of the visitors to find that the burial places of their pets, Florence and Chumb, had never been disturbed.

A funny little story is told here of one of Mrs. Stowe's sons. When a very small boy, he and his dog were inseparable. The love between them was something pathetic. The dog was a clever, affectionate little fellow but had no aristocratic lineage to boast of. One day the boy came home with tears in his eyes. One of his play-mates who had a bull terrier, and another who had a mastiff, had told him that his dog wasn't worth a straw ; it was just a good-for-nothing cur. Professor Stowe, on hearing the grievance, said, ' My son, go directly back and tell those boys that your dog is a full-

blooded mongrel, and that your father says a better dog cannot be found in this town.' . . .

One of the Professors here now, has a handsome Irish setter, so full of life that he cannot keep on the ground. He has a habit of making a rush for gates, bars, fences, — and before one can say Jack Robinson he bounds over the highest of them, — then turning, comes back the same way, simply for the fun of it. He wants nothing better in the world than a chance to run with the horse and buggy when the Professor takes his daily drive. They were going past one of the old farm-houses in the country where there is an old-time well-sweep. The dog had been brought up on modern improvements, so the well-curb only suggested something for him to jump over. He made a rush for it. The Professor saw what he was driving at, and called furiously, but you might as well try to stop a cyclone as to turn him after he once gets started. He jumped, — and went to the bottom of a well twenty or thirty feet deep. His master tried to fish him out by making a slip-noose with the reins but he couldn't do it alone. He had to leave him there and go for help. He found a man who went down the well and fastened a rope around him. Together they managed to rescue him. Dash came up a

little sadder and wiser, perhaps, and pretty well soaked. He knows better than to be taken in by a well-curb again.

Last summer, a lady boarded here whose home is only ten miles away. She left her little dog at home with the rest of the family. Somehow, he discovered that she was here, and every Sunday afternoon for several weeks that dog came alone, ten miles over the road, to visit her. One Sunday, rain poured in torrents all day. Several people spoke of the dog. All thought the weather would be too much for him; but his mistress, laughing, said that she shouldn't give him up until bed-time. About seven o'clock 'Beppo' came in. A more bespattered, bedraggled creature you never laid eyes on. After being well washed, rubbed down and fed, he curled up on a fur rug before the open fire. Too tired to wag his tail, there was a satisfied look in his eyes that told a story without words.

Did you never notice the human,—the almost speaking look in a dog's eyes?

The story goes, that once on a time, long ago, when dogs could talk, there was a beautiful princess who used to send messages on the sly to her lover, by her faithful collie. She was closely watched by all her people, but she had

only to whisper into the collie's ear that her father was planning to wed her to a prince whom she hated, when away he went, scarcely stopping to breathe until he had found the truly lover and told him the whole story. At night the lover scaled the castle wall and carried the princess away in his arms ; as any true love would be expected to do under the circumstances. The dog, it seems, was captured on his way home by the king's spies, — taken to the wicked old demi-god, and accused of causing all the mischief by telling tales. His punishment, a terrible one, was shared by the whole race of dogs ; for they were doomed to be dumb, ever after. So it came about, that the dog now tries so hard to speak with his eyes. I cannot vouch for the absolute truth of this story, as I wasn't there, and didn't know any of the parties ; but the others are all right.

A stranger who had a black and tan terrier with him stopped here one day to dinner. He went into the dining-room leaving the little fellow tied with a long, strong cord to a leg of the settee in the office. The dog whined and howled as if he was being murdered. Tiger came running in from outside to see what was up. He understood it, and took it upon himself to stop the racket without letting him get

away. He gnawed off the cord, leaving about three feet attached to the little dog's collar: then took the end of it in his mouth and led the little cub about the room — up stairs — out doors and all around; keeping him quiet and happy as a kitten till his master came out. It was so funny, that he was left to keep up the performance till everybody had a chance to see it and laugh.

One evening when we were all sitting in the office, Tiger came in with his mouth wide open; walked straight to one of the ladies and very carefully laid a little bit of a kitten on her lap. He stood by her side looking up into her face, as if he said, 'I didn't know what to do with it, but I thought perhaps you might.' He couldn't tell where he got it, but we surmised that it was dropped by some mother cat that was lugging her family across the country, as cats often do. Tiger knew it couldn't take care of itself and I suppose thought he would find some one to adopt it. Everybody feels safe in this house at night. Tiger sleeps in the hall just outside his master's door. When he hears a noise, he goes down stairs where the doors stand open so he can go from room to room and look out of the windows. If he sniffs danger he gives the alarm. When Tiger speaks

in the night some one goes to find out what he is trying to say. No other night watchman is needed here.

Dogs have their joys and sorrows, Some of them suffer for lack of care. Others suffer from too much of it. Once in a while a hydrophobia scare calls out the muzzles to drive the sane ones mad. Not long ago, a poor stray dog was chased over about half of this county. When at last, he was killed, it was found that his stomach hadn't a thing in it but a few bits of chewed up sole leather. *We* should run mad if we were starved to that point. It is a hard-hearted man who will drive a starving dog from his door without giving him a bone. There is no other animal on this earth so cruel as man. Suppose that *we* were the 'lower animals' to a race of beings on earth as far above us as we think the human race is now above the brute creation ; that we could understand but little of their language ; that we were dependent on them for everything, yet could not tell them when we were hungry, thirsty, or suffering with pain ; that our rights were what they saw fit to grant us ; that they could use our lives and all our powers in their service, — could even cut our quivering bodies in pieces, behind the closed doors of their laboratories ;

and there was no one to say, 'Thou shalt not.' Unless there was a greater proportion of the milk of kindness in their hearts than there is now in the hearts of the human race, shouldn't we have a tough time of it?"

HARRY RUSTICATES.

"You all know that I went into the country for a month last spring. I didn't go for pleasure—I didn't go for my health. I didn't think, myself, that I had committed a crime that deserved capital punishment, but, By jolly! I got it all the same. I never had a better time in my life. I was all tired out, and just what I needed was to vegetate. And there was nothing else for one to do in that forsaken spot. It is one of those places where people never go unless they are obliged to,—and then they drive through as fast as they can. I'd like to have our crowd turned loose in their street some night after a good ball game. They'd think a lunatic asylum, menagerie, and the Wild West Show were storming the town.

I boarded with an old farmer and his wife, and recited to the minister who lived half a mile away. There was nothing uproariously exciting going on evenings, so I just pitched in and studied for all I was worth. Breakfast at

six o'clock in the morning. Recitation at eight, and after two hours with the parson my day's work was done. I just lazed away the rest of the time. Didn't have a newspaper but once a week, and I was glad of it.

The farmer was a good old soul, his wife was better; they hadn't a child in the world, but they had the finest old dog I ever saw in my life. Smart as a whip—he took as much care of the place as the old man did. One day an old hen came out from a hole under the barn, cackling as if she wanted the whole world to know she had done something worth making a noise about. The old man called Jack—pointed to the hen and to the hole—and said, 'Go find the eggs.' The dog did the rest. The barn was so low that he couldn't stand upright, but somehow he managed to squirm himself along, and in a few minutes he appeared with an egg in his mouth. He went nine times and brought an egg safely each time; then took up the basket the farmer had put them in and walked off with it to the house as dignified as a drum major. I won't say he knocked, or rang the door-bell—but he set the basket down on the door-step and barked till the old lady came to let him in. He didn't have to bark long, either.

Jack would go alone to the pasture and drive the cows home at night. He would lead the horse to the brook to water, and bring him back every time. He would carry a dinner-pail to men at work in the field quarter of a mile away. If any of the tools were left where his master had been at work the dog was sent for them. He saved the old man a great many more steps than a boy would have done. I remember how we laughed to see him coming with a hoe. He tried several ways that didn't suit him — then got a good firm grip on it close to the business end — let the handle drag on the ground, and so managed it very well. The hammer, one end so much heavier than the other, was about as bad as the hoe, but Jack brought it in all the same.

He was very chummy with the cat. They would lie down together on the same rug and eat off the same plate. The cat, too, was nobody's fool. She went ahead of the dog in one thing. She could open the door and let him in when he barked outside. It was funny to see her jump up, — strike the old fashioned latch with her paw, and swing in on it when the door opened. I noticed that they both forgot to shut it, though.

Jack was raised on a milk farm in New York

State, and was thought to be worth about as much as a hired man on the place. He used to churn, a part of every day, and was the hero of a story in St. Nicholas called 'The Little Churn Dog,'—although the writer never saw him. Jack would have ended his days where they began, on the milk farm, for he was the pet of the whole family; but one unlucky day he was accused of killing a neighbor's sheep. Guilty or not guilty, his life was in danger. There was nothing to prove that he had taken part in the slaughter, and his master knew that Jack couldn't do such a mean thing; but there were the dead sheep; there was the dog; and the neighbor, stark mad, was lying in wait for him with a shot gun. There was nothing to do but to send him away to save his life.

So it happened that Jack is with my old farmer and his wife, where he will have a good home as long as he lives; and then a decent burial.

Now we must be off, Tom!"

Over the fence the two boys vaulted, and hurried down the street as on the preceding evening.

The next one called upon to speak was a thoughtful looking middle aged woman, who said if we would promise to listen with patience,

she would talk about the least appreciated of all our domestic animals, the cat.

A TALK ABOUT CATS.

“After singing the praises of horses, dogs and birds with so much spirit, I fear you will not be in tune for a plain talk about nothing but cats. No other domestic animal has a history of such varying fortunes as this most loveable, much-slandered little creature. It has held positions ranging from the highest to the lowest, in the scale of human estimation. In the early days of this old world, the cat was an object of worship, beloved and feared, the haughty companion of gods and kings. In a later age we find it an uncanny, detested, unclean thing, the familiar of ghosts and witches, the associate of imps, and even the symbol of the arch-fiend himself. The cat figures in the literature of all ages and all countries from the days of the Pharaohs to our own time. I have read that pussy isn't mentioned in the Bible; that she first appeared on the monuments of the middle Egyptian Empire; and what is very curious, she was evidently used as a retriever by a hunter of water-fowl. If she disliked to wet her feet as she does now she must have hated her vocation. Cat or no cat in the

Influence

We scatter seeds with careless hands,
And deem we ne'er shall see them more :
Yet for a thousand years their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land—
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we speak,
Into the air they seem to fleet;
We count them past,
But they shall last;
In the dread judgment they and we shall meet.

(Rev. John Keble)

"Pray, my dear friend, remember that there is every provision, the world over, for the suffering of our own race, and but little for the patient faithful, speechless servants who devote their lives to us."

(S. Morris Watson.)



The Camera Versus the Gun.

The camera is a delightful companion for a day's wandering through the woods, and the sportsman who goes out with one, as well as with his gun, returns with less game, but with pictures that instantly call to mind scenes of pleasure. The camera secures the bird, but deprives no innocent creature of its life. It is true the hunter has no venison for dinner, but he can always show the picture of the animal whose life would, but for the camera, have been sacrificed for the sake of sport.

On Wanton Killing.

But yet, O, man, rage not beyond thy need !
Deem it not glory to swell in tyranny,
Thou art of blood ; joy not to see things bleed
Thou fearest death ; think *they* are loth to die ;
A plaint of guiltless heart doth pierce the sky.

(SIR PHILLIP SYDNEY.)

What is the most cruel animal in the world ?

What is the most cruel animal in the world ?

Answer. The animal that kills other animals *simply for fun, or the pleasure it gets from killing them.*

What animal kills for fun, or the pleasure it gets from killing ?

Answer. It is a biped, or two-legged animal, and is called man.

This is the animal that kills other animals simply for the fun of killing them.

Manly Prowess (?)

Once, manly prowess wore a manly frame,

Muscles of steel, endurance firm and strong,
To meet the onslaught, heedless of the shock ;
Dauntless and brave, to victory borne along,

Now, manly prowess means a docked-tail nag—

A jockey cap, high boots with cruel spurs,
Speeding behind the scent of anise bag,
Or hare or fox pursued by well-trained curs !

Or, manly prowess, when a poor greased pig

With limbs jerked out of joint, bipeds behind,
Who strive to catch it—in their country rig,
And their loud laugh “that speaks the vacant mind.”

Or pent up pigeons, snared and kept at hand,

Half suffocated, dazed, that scarce can fly—
While outside stands a gaping, heartless band,
Counting the slaughtered victims as they die ;

Or, manly prowess, when God’s image stands

Low and besotted ’mid a betting crowd :
All battered, swollen, maimed, with bloody hands,
Pain, death, ignored, ’mid plaudits long and loud !

Shade of Olympia ! hide within thy tomb !

Or say the world for nobler deeds has room !

(Boston Transcript.

Bible, I shall never forget the delightful pair of pink cats in the Noah's Ark of my childhood. The Egyptians must have believed that the soul of a cat would return to its body, else why did they think it worthy to be embalmed? In those days, one who dared to kill a cat, soon found that his own life hung by a slender thread. A few centuries later, and the ill-fated creature was hunted with such relentless fury that there was no peace for it among the habitations of men. When and why it became so degraded I do not know. Perhaps, when the gods and goddesses that it had lived among were dethroned, the people ceased to reverence the cat and condemned it to become the associate of evil spirits. One can imagine some such occult connection between the ups and the downs of its life. The early Christian beliefs no doubt tended to banish this graceful, winning creature from polite society. Poor Puss bore her share in the miseries and massacres of the innocents in the days of witchcraft. Her fair fame still suffers from the inheritance of medieval notions, that reflect little credit on the nineteenth century.

To-day, the cat is the beloved and well-cared-for pet in many a household; the worthy occupant of her own place on the hearth and in

the home. In many another, — she is neglected, abused, starved, and for no fault of her own often mercilessly cast out and left to struggle for a miserable existence. Noted men and women, philosophers, poets, novelists, kings and priests have loved this beautiful, soft, furry creature, appreciated its good qualities, and the stories they have told of their cherished pets are known the world over. Victor Hugo, Renan, Gautier, Cardinal Wolsey and hosts of others have made the names of their pet cats famous in history. Richelieu had no less than twenty beloved felines. His special pets were trusted to no hireling's care, but were fed from his own table with his own hands. From Mahomet, who declared that his adored Muezza should have a reserved seat in his heaven, down to Madame Ronner, who is to-day giving to the art-loving world such delicious pictures of these born-to-be-petted, basely defamed little creatures in their most bewitching attitudes, men and women of world-wide fame have not been ashamed to avow their love for this purring thing, and the enjoyment they find in its society.

Beatoun said, 'If you want to know the character of a man find out what his cat thinks of him.' This is akin to the old saying, 'Never

take for your friend the man whose dog doesn't like to follow him.' I don't know how far its general estimate of character can be depended upon, but the subtle instinct of a cat in recognizing its friends is most remarkable. The dog will follow and fawn upon the master who beats him. The cat will lavish its caresses only on one who treats it tenderly. I believe the cat to be equal in intelligence, sagacity and moral qualities to either the horse or the dog."

"How can you say so," exclaimed a young girl who sat near the speaker. Why! a cat is a horrid creature, treacherous, thieving, sly, selfish; I can't think of bad names enough to give a cat."

"That is simply because you are not acquainted with cats," my dear, was the mild reply. "You do not understand them."

"I am sure, nothing on earth would induce me to have a cat in my house, or even to touch one with a pair of tongs," she said.

"I am sorry you have such a prejudice against this lovable little creature. I think, however, if you should chance to live in the house with a pair of frolicsome kittens a single week, they would overcome it entirely. It is very curious that evil associations and superstitious fears relating to the cat, cling so per-

sistently to the mind in these enlightened days ; yet, in time, puss will live down her bad name.

You say that the cat is selfish. 'Tis true that she loves her home, but she loves her friends none the less, and her devotion to her offspring is almost human in its intensity. She loves a cozy corner and a soft cushion. So do you and I. I know a cat that returned to her old home from a place twenty-six miles distant, and two rivers to cross on the way. She made the journey in three weeks. Though little more than the ghost of a cat when she arrived, she was so fortunate as to find a friend who thought that what there was left of her, was worth saving. There is perhaps no other domestic animal so fitted by nature to enjoy luxurious surroundings as the cat. And where will you find a more wretched animal than an ill-treated, homeless cat ; one that has no friend to depend upon for food or a kind word ? George Eliot said : ' I have all my life had a sympathy for mongrel, ungainly dogs that were nobody's pets, and I would rather surprise one of them by a pat and a pleasant morsel, than to meet the most condescending advances of the loveliest sky terrier which has his cushion by my lady's chair.' I have the same kind of sympathy for homeless cats.

You say the cat is a thief. Who blames a starving creature for stealing a morsel of food. Perhaps you and I would do the same thing. A *pet* cat, turned out of house and home to starve, or get a living as she can while her friends (?) are enjoying life at the mountains or the sea, is even a more piteous object than one that has never known a comfortable home and plenty of food. Let me read to you a paragraph on this subject written by a well known New York woman who comes bravely to the defence of maltreated animals :

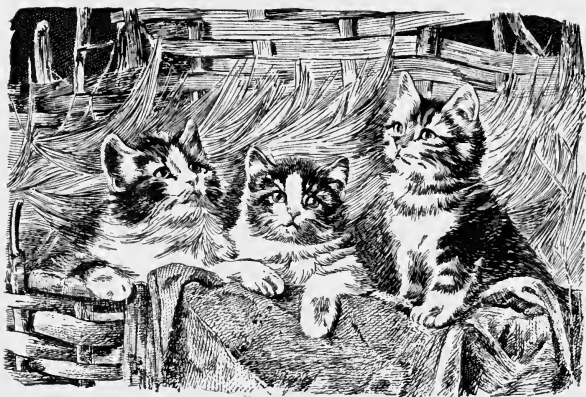
‘The English language compasses no word strong enough to express the indignation and contempt one feels towards people who, having made pets of these innocent creatures, cruelly turn them out to starve when they tire of them or wish to go out of town for the season. Walk through the resident streets during the summer, and you will see thousands of forsaken and deserted cats actually made insane through starvation and ill-usage. Sometimes, thinking of these frantic little creatures and the quaint skeletons of beaten horses, I question the meaning of that mercy and care we attribute to an overruling Providence. We are early taught to believe that God notes even the sparrow in its fall. If this is true, how can He look upon this sinful neglect and worse than horrible abuse without a cure for it?’

This is pretty strong language, but it stirs

one's wrath to the dregs to see such abuse of God's creatures by people who call themselves Christians. Inhuman deeds may justly arouse all the contempt one is capable of feeling towards the perpetrators, even if they do not shake one's faith in an over-ruling justice and mercy.

I lived one winter in the city where there was a vacant house opposite. I soon found that a vagrant cat had taken up her abode in the back yard, where she could get under cover through a broken board in an out-building. She was too thin to cast a shadow, and the sad expression of her face showed plainly as words could have told it, that this was a cold world for her. You smile? Did you never notice the difference between the facial expression of a sleek well-provided-for puss whose social position is well established, and that of a starved, care-worn outcast? I carried food to my hungry neighbor at once, but found her so shy that I left it on the ground without trying to make her acquaintance. When I went again she met me at the gate. She knew that I was her friend. I continued to go every evening at twilight and always found her listening for my footsteps; waiting for her supper; yet she never failed to purr her grati-

tude before she began to eat. One evening as she stood over the food making a low peculiar cry, out crawled through the hole in the shed, one, two, three, four, as wretched looking small cats as I ever saw. They bore no resemblance to the fluffy beauties that chase the spools, grow wild over a string, and perform such laughable antics in a well ordered home. It was evidently the first journey of the kittens out into the world. All was strange to them, but taught by hunger, they began to lap up the milk like famished creatures. The mother walked off quietly and sat down, back to them, some eight or ten feet away. She refused to touch a morsel. She would not allow herself to look at, or to smell the food, for fear, I suppose, that she might be tempted to break her resolution. Do you say the cat is selfish? I call that a self-sacrifice that would be heroic in a human mother. You may be sure, however, that she did not go supperless to bed. I fed that cat family as long as I lived in the neighborhood; and when I moved away, — it was a terribly hard thing to do but I knew it was kind, — I had them all mercifully killed. I should not have slept nights if I had left the poor things hungry and friendless, to watch for my coming until they starved.



"It is impossible for even the most disciplined spirit not to yearn over these little furry darlings, these gentle, mischievous, lazy, irresistible things."

AGNES REPPLIER.

"We should remember in our dealings with animals that they are a sacred trust to us from our Heavenly Father. They are dumb and cannot speak for themselves. They cannot explain their wants or justify their conduct; and therefore we should be tender towards them."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"I believe that the urgent protest against vivisection which marks our immediate day, and the whole plea for lessening the miseries of animals as endured at the hands of men, constitute the 'next' great moral question which is to be put to the intelligent conscience, and that only the educated conscience can properly reply to it."

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Another time, I was boarding at a hotel in the country. The ladies were sitting on the piazza one morning after breakfast, when a little starved kitten came out from under the shrubbery and looked up at us with pleading eyes, although it made not a sound. I ran in to the breakfast table we had just left and brought out a saucer of milk. 'What!' cried a lady, 'are you going to feed that nasty little cat? she will keep coming here all the time if you do.' 'Yes,' said I, 'that is just what I want her to do. If you and I were starving, shouldn't we be glad to find some one who would feed us?' The kitten came again and again, surprising those who knew nothing of cat nature by coming directly to me, even though the piazza was crowded. After she had become well nourished, and grown strong enough to groom herself with care as these dainty little creatures delight to do, we discovered that she was a rarely beautiful tiger, well-bred, and an ornament to any home. She was soon everybody's pet, but when so popular as to be in constant demand she never turned a cold shoulder upon her first friend.

I called her Tiddle-de-Winks, and took her home with me at the end of the season, because she was so devoted to me that I thought

it cruel to leave her. She became the mother of a numerous family. Handsomer, brighter, saucier small-cats never lived. One of her kittens when very small ran up an elm tree. It turned several times as if to come down, but coming back, head downward, was too much for even the courage of a Winks. It knew no other way, so the active little thing kept moving on and up, until, thoroughly frightened, down it sat and cried. I could not aid it, but it occurred to me that the mother-cat might be equal to the occasion. Tiddle-de-Winks came at my call ; at once understood the predicament her beloved offspring was in, and went up the tree in a twinkling. She stayed by the little one a moment ; whispered encouragingly in its ear ; then backed slowly down the tree to the ground. Her object lesson took immediate effect. The infant, following its wise mother's example, came carefully down, and when safe on the ground, they gave expression to their joy in a rough-and-tumble frolic. The Winks family furnished entertainment for our own household and to our friends for several years. For intelligence, affection and fidelity, Tiddle-de-Winks and her children were equal to any dogs I have ever known.

Many people who keep cats know nothing of

their needs or their nature. They need sheltering, kind treatment, and food. A lady who once saw me give a cup of water to a cat, exclaimed in surprise, 'I didn't know that cats drank water.' What on earth did she think they drank? Isn't water provided by Nature for all thirsty animals? Cats often suffer for the want of it. Water should always be kept where they, as well as dogs, can help themselves when they need it. A friend of mine who had a domestic fresh from a far-away country, told her, as she was clearing the table for the first time, not to forget to give Kitty a good breakfast. Half an hour later, when the lady went into the kitchen, she was greeted with, 'Sure Ma'am, I gave the cat a good breakfast, but he's not hungry.' A large plate with five or six huge baked apples on it that stood on the hearth, and a disgusted *miceuw* from Kitty, told why he had so suddenly lost his appetite. In that case, Kitty didn't go hungry, though he wasn't fond of baked apples. It is surprising that many people who take good care of other animals, neglect to feed a cat or to provide for it any home comforts. There are people in this world who are so heartless that they can carry a helpless little kitten away from its home, drop it in a

lonely place, and coolly desert it. The cries of the starving thing do not reach their ears, so they think no more about it. Sympathy must have been left out, in the making up of such natures. One who will have a pet of any kind and not either take proper care of it or mercifully kill it, 'I would not enter on my list of friends.' The cat is a timid, highly organized, sensitive creature. Its brain, it is said, so nearly resembles the human brain that the difference, in matter, is scarcely perceptible. The delicate, beautiful structure of the cat is its misfortune. I pray that our country may yet lead the world in protecting all living beings, *by legislation*, from the terrible sufferings inflicted upon them by what is called 'science.'

I am going to read to you a good thing sent me by a friend in New York City, who is a fearless defender of all abused dumb animals, and a special friend of poor puss. It gives a striking proof of the refining influence of humane teaching, in most unpromising circumstances. This article, clipped from a New York daily, is a report of one of New York City's industrial schools, written in a serio-comic vein by Nell Nelson.

"Brutes! The brutes are not our wrongers!
Are we devils—are we men?

Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would that he
were back again!

He who in his Catholic wholeness said 'sister,'
'Brother' to the very flowers, and to the brutes,
Whose pains are never less than ours."

'THE CATS' AID SOCIETY.'

**'IT HAS SAVED MANY SPRING KITTENS FROM
UNTIMELY DEATHS.**

**EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THIS NOVEL AND
NOBLE CHARITY.'**

'Fancy organizing a cats' aid society as a means of governing a ragged school! This very thing has been done by the gentle-woman who superintends the East River Industrial School. The results have been two-fold, viz: the salvation of scores of spring kittens and superannuated Toms and Tabbies, and the civilization of hundreds of brave and blood-thirsty little boys and girls. The school and the New York slaughter-houses are in the same street. Surroundings have much to do with the formation of a child's character, and the greatest effort on the part of the teachers was needed to resist the unconscious influence of the neighboring butchers. Some of the kindergarten attacks made on captured pussies and grocery chickens would make a Russian weep. The little girls were as cruel as their brothers, and many atrocious deeds are charged to their account.

Few of the plagues that visit the city overlook this district. Typhus Fever broke out and the school was closed. This threw some five or six hundred homeless and crippled boys and industrial school scholars, less than twelve and more than three years of age, on the community. The boys found shelter where they could, and the children

roamed the streets in search of something to kill. On March first they returned to school thirsting for blood. It was then that the superintendent introduced the subject of cats, dilated on their misfortunes, extolled their virtues, enlisted the sympathy of the whole school and formed the "Cats' Aid Society" with three hundred charter members. These youngsters pledged themselves "never again to shoot, stone or abuse the cats," and to do all in their power "to save the poor creatures from cruelty and oppression." Committees were appointed to solicit donations of cats' meat and catnip, and to find "good homes among kind people for orphan pussies and respectable old cats." Each member constituted a Rescue Committee and was made responsible for the comfort and safety of any cat that might cross his or her path.

The superintendent builded better than she knew. The very next day she had a cats' asylum to look after. The feline vagrants were lame, blind, scalded, and generally disreputable. It would have been merciful to administer ether, but the object was social reform, and the unfortunate animals were allowed to live. Milk was served all round; one broken leg was put in a splint; a jacket of liniment and cotton was made for a singed yellow cat; cot beds were placed about the steam coils, and the patients had the freedom of the class room. A penny collection was taken up, to which only teachers, and boys and girls in business, were allowed to subscribe. Every day a fresh lot of out-

casts were rescued. The recruits of Monday came to be dreaded by the founder of the Society, on account of their numbers, condition and appetites. But not one applicant was repulsed. At recess the children taught the convalescent orphans to do tricks, and lead good and useful lives. By way of encouragement blue ribbons were bestowed. When a cat became well and strong enough to keep his fur coat in order, and showed skill as a 'ratter' a purchaser was found and the price turned into the treasury.

Up to date, homes have been found for fifty-two worthy and reliable cats. There are thirty-nine cents in the treasury, and not one forlorn cat in the neighborhood. The girls in the East River School are as gentle as doves, and the boys are as charitable as good Samaritans. The superintendent is more than satisfied with the moral influence of the Cats' Aid Society.'

Who, that reads this, can ever say one word in favor of dissection in public schools, with its train of demoralizing and debasing influences? Children may become so hardened by familiarity with cruelty, that they lose their last spark of human kindness; and on the other hand, they can be easily taught to love and care for all the little people of the woods and fields; to treat with kindness the forsaken cat and the neglected dog; to give food rather than a stone; and not to be ashamed to bravely

stand by and protect a poor abused creature that cannot defend itself. That brave little gentle-woman of the ragged school gave an object lesson which demonstrated the uplifting influence of humane teaching, as pages of words could not have done.

I often have letters from this New York friend that are filled with interesting bits of her own experience. She knows how to go through the world with her eyes open. When riding in the elevated one day, her attention was drawn to two sportsmen, who were telling each other their adventures in the Adirondacks. One of them, who said he used to be called a crack shot, told some wonderful exploits at pigeon shooting, but added 'I have given up all such things now. The last time I went into the forest I shot a fine doe. Just after she fell, a beautiful little spotted fawn ran out of the bushes and piteously tried to nurse its dead mother. That was too much for me. My God! I said, I will never again shoot at anything that hasn't the power to shoot back,—and I never have.' My friend's comment was 'It does one's heart good to hear great rough men speak so tenderly of helpless creatures.'

Our talks on dumb animals began with Mr. Leigh's questions about a future life. I cannot

look upon the innocent suffering in this world without indulging in a hope so strong that it is akin to belief, that there will be a future where dumb creatures that have had a joyless existence here will find recompense. It is said that Professor Agassiz believed firmly in a hereafter for the lower orders of creation. John Wesley said of dumb animals: 'I fear to deny that they have a future life.' You remember Martin Luther's letters to his little son, where he drew such fascinating pictures of the pleasures of good little boys in heaven. The wise man, knowing how to make the heavenly fields most attractive, did not forget to put a pony there. Biographers tell us of the gentle St. Francis, that his life was full of deeds of love and charity to suffering humanity, and that his tenderness to animals 'was one of his most winning features.' When he preached his simple gospel to the birds, he must have believed that they had some share in the light and hope that brighten the life of man. How often we read between the lines of noble poems the underlying thought, that the sufferings of the brute creation will not be forgotten by man's Redeemer; that there will yet be relief for the whole creation that groaneth and travaileth in pain.

George MacDonald, in his lecture on 'The Hope of the Universe' avows his belief in the doctrine of animal immortality. President Angell, who has doubtless done as much for the benefit of dumb animals as any man living, says, 'I don't know anything about it ;' but from the trend of the passages of Scripture quoted so fluently in one of his addresses, it is easy enough to see what he thinks about it. Many celebrated divines have declared their faith in this doctrine. I have seen it stated that this belief is held by, at least, one half of the human race.

I read not long ago in a copy of 'Our Dumb Animals' the pretty legend of the old Indian and his dog travelling together to the happy hunting-grounds. By the way, that little paper, or 'Our Animal Friends' ought to be in every family in the land. One cannot glance over a copy of either, without laughing, crying, scolding, and devoutly thanking Heaven that dumb creatures have such brave good friends. But to the legend. The old chief and all his family set out for Paradise, the happy place of rest, beyond the mountains and the river. They journeyed on and on, across dreary deserts and over mountains through drifting snow. As the way grew more

rugged his people became disheartened, and one by one, they sadly turned their faces homeward. First, the old chief's wife left him. Then his son's courage failed and he followed his mother. The faithful dog looked after them whining piteously, but went on with his master. The servants next gave way in despair and begged their chief to return. But the old man, thinking he could see the 'pearly gates of the Golden City' in the bright rays of the setting sun, determined to struggle on alone. The dog looked with mournful eyes into his master's face, but refused to leave him. Day after day they trudged along the rough way, foot-sore, hungry and weary. When within sight of the heavenly city, the brave old man sank down, overcome by cold and fatigue. The dog would not let him perish. He licked his face and hands, nestled close to him and kept the warmth in his feeble body, constantly making sharp cries to arouse him. The chief awoke, and again stumbling on, the pair soon reached the gate of Paradise. He knocked and begged to be allowed to enter, together with his faithful dog. St. Peter answered, 'No dogs are admitted here. You may come in, but he must be left outside.' In vain the old chief begged and pleaded. The answer was the same. 'The

dog must remain without.' 'Then I will stay with him,' cried the Indian. 'I will be as true to him as he has been to me. I will not desert him, even for Paradise.'

The chieftain turned to go, looking down to his faithful companion, his hand outstretched to pat him lovingly ; but lo ! there was no dog there. In his place stood a glorious, shining being with great wistful eyes full of love and pity. A sweet voice said, 'I was your guardian angel. If you had not been true to me I could never have guided you through that weary journey to this blissful end. Now we will go within these gates and be happy forever.' The pearly gates were thrown open wide, and the white-winged being triumphantly led the old Indian into the Golden City."

There was silence for a moment at the close of this pathetic little story, and to some of us the pearly gates seemed not so very far away, as we saw in imagination the uncouth figure of the weary old Indian with his shining companion passing through their portals. A little rustle, a long breath or two followed the hush. Miss Kate, then turning to a young man who had been a quiet earnest listener, said, "Aren't we going to hear from you Mr. Turner? How can you sit all this time without speaking a

word? We shall be disappointed if we don't have a few valuable points from you."

THE BANKER'S POINTS.

"You have heard the story of the old country-woman, who, after the death of her husband, was asked by a condoling neighbor if he was reconciled to going. 'Reconciled!' she answered in a surprised tone, 'Why! He was obleeged to go!—he was obleeged to!' I have been 'obleeged' to keep silence, for you haven't given me a chance to get in a word edge-wise. Now that I have the floor, I will gladly give a few points on the care of some of the unhappy creatures that you have, thus far, overlooked. How about cows, calves, oxen, sheep, mules, caged birds, and all the little wild things that naughty boys capture and keep in wretched confinement? You are not going to talk all night and give them the go-by, are you? I have seen, this summer in this goodly town, cows and calves tethered out all day long in the burning sun where the heat was intolerable. Everybody ought to know that all bovine brutes love the shade at noon-day, and need it, too, as much as the two-legged brutes who leave them tied out to suffer, while they have a pipe or a nap on the cool corner of the porch.

We buy the heated, unhealthful milk of these exhausted creatures for our children to drink. Milk is so sweet and pure in the country you know? Perhaps, if people who treat their cows so, knew that they would get more milk and richer cream by making the creatures comfortable with plenty of shade and water, they would not be so thoughtless. Sometimes, hearts can be touched through the pocket when all other avenues are closed.

Then in winter, go into old-fashioned country barns. Look at the long rows of cattle standing patient and spiritless, each head cruelly fixed in a vice; the creatures huddled so closely together, that when lying down, the space allowed them is all too narrow and too short for comfort. Watch them, as with heads fast in the stanchions they try to lie down, or make frantic struggles to get upon their feet, and tell me: What has civilization done for cows? The comfort and health of these mild-eyed, milk-giving animals so indispensable to us, should be guarded by the laws of our land with as much care as foreign potentates give to the nurses of royal children.

I lived on a farm when I was a boy, and I think I could drive an ox team through Wall Street to-day. Not long ago, a man went past

here with two yoke of oxen hitched to a heavy load of wood. He walked beside the leaders, every now and then, goading them with his brad or swinging the lash right across their faces. All the time, the leaders were drawing the entire load and nearly pulling the yoke over the heads of the slower walkers behind. I wanted to thrash the brute,—the driver I mean, not one of the patient toilers that he called brutes. It is downright cruelty to compel oxen to draw heavy loads up hill, or to hold them back when going down, with no help whatever from modern contrivances. In some places they are driven sensibly, in strong leather harnesses. The yoke used to-day is made after the same pattern as the one used by Job ; at any rate, that hasn't been greatly improved upon. Some scientific observer has said that the yoke puts the strain on a spot never intended for it by nature. The intentions of nature are too often ignored by man to his own disadvantage.

I am glad that the horrible fashion of de-horning cattle doesn't prevail in this region. 'Tis passing strange that a practice so inhuman can prevail anywhere in a civilized land. Did the Creator make a blunder when he provided horns ? In some places, great herds of these

creatures are driven, one at a time, into a modern torture-chamber and securely fastened. The horns are then sawed off, like sticks of dead wood, with a common saw. Sometimes, the poor beasts are so maddened by the pain that they stumble blindly over each other in their agony. Sometimes, vermin infest the wounds and death follows; but a few deaths don't count, among so many thousands that recover. It is still thought very important that horns should be removed, no note being taken of the needless suffering caused by this cruel treatment. No doubt, in time, Legislatures will put a stop to this harsh practice. The *rights* of dumb animals will yet be considered, although progress in that direction is discouragingly slow. The suffering of cattle in transportation both by sea and land; the agonies the helpless creatures endure from cold, hunger and thirst in winter on the plains, their poor bodies torn by barbed wire fences;—Oh! the amount of this wholesale distress is beyond exaggeration! One would think that the wail of it would move our country's law-makers to devise some means of relief. The same thing goes on at the great sheep ranches, hundreds of thousands dying in a single winter from starvation and cold.

The pig is an animal that has far more intelligence than it gets credit for. I have heard professional trainers say that pigs can be taught quite as easily as dogs. Pigs are everywhere abused by being kept in cold, wet pens, and fed with refuse that should be given to no creature,—certainly not to one that is designed for food in its turn. Pigs enjoy a warm bed and plenty of clean straw. When they wallow in the mire it is usually because it is the only thing provided for them to wallow in. It is a fact, that in country towns, hogs are slaughtered in a most atrocious manner. *That* is a matter which should everywhere be regulated by proper authorities.

Now I come to the mule. You laugh! Why does everybody laugh at the mule? I know he isn't handsome, and sometimes, as the little boy said of his pony, 'He is tame in front, and wild behind.' A part of Charles Dudley Warner's description of the camel well fits the mule. 'For skin, he has patches of old buffalo robes, faded and with the hair worn off. His tail is a ridiculous wisp, a failure as an ornament or a fly brush.' The world is however deeply in debt to this vilified animal and very unwilling to give him the credit that is his just due. Now that southern negroes are acquiring

property, it is a poor negro who cannot own a mule. God pity the mule! underfed, overworked, jerked about and belabored: What chance does the creature have to grow beautiful or saintly? I was in a southern city last winter when mule power on the street cars was changed for modern motive power, and I never after, saw a car go past without mentally saying, "Thank God!" I knew one mule there that was a wonder. He was an extra,— used to help draw the cars up a steep incline and over a bridge. No one seemed to have him in charge. When cars were coming thick and fast he trotted briskly down the slope to meet them. When no car was in sight he walked leisurely on enjoying his freedom. He attended to the whole business himself except hitching and unhitching, managed his affairs with so much ability and performed his duties so faithfully, that he glorified his whole race of mules. I wonder where the poor fellow is, now his occupation is gone.

I knew another wise mule; he saved three precious lives by refusing to ford a Florida river. He could neither be induced nor compelled to set foot into the stream. The little party was obliged to give up the day's outing on the other side, and return home with

colors trailing. Tim got an extra measure of corn when it became known that his obstinacy, (?) in refusing to cross a dangerously swollen ford, had saved himself and his best friends from a watery grave. This same Tim had been used to haul lumber before being promoted to the dignity of a family mule. One day the force of habit got the better of his common sense in a funny way. He was jogging along with his family behind him, when, suddenly pricking up his ears, he started off at a brisk pace from no apparent cause. While they wondered what queer notion had got into Tim's head, he turned aside into the pine woods, and, deftly wheeling about, backed them up against a pile of lumber. He stood still a moment, then looked back reprovingly as if to say, 'You ought to be loading lumber instead of sitting there laughing.'

Another familiar object that is not half so black as it is painted is the crow. Every man's hand is against him, and he would have been wiped off the face of the earth long ago if his wits hadn't saved him. He succeeds in helping himself to what he wants, in the face of scare-crows and all the devices to entrap him, which only make him the more suspicious and alert. It would be hard to find a wiser bird than the

crow. I think the farmers will yet learn that it pays better to share the crops with the crows, than to leave the whole to the tender mercies of the pests that these birds destroy. The crow is an insect destroyer of the first magnitude, though he makes no secret of the fact that he is fond of corn. If man should succeed in exterminating the race, he would soon see the folly of it. Birds are man's natural allies, from the dainty little wood-pecker to the great carrion-eater, and man does himself good service when he protects them. In fact, man does himself good service when he makes any of the lower creatures his friends.

Love and kind treatment will win almost any animal under the sun. Rosa Bonheur says, 'If you want animals to love you, you must love them.' Look at her,—with a whole menagerie trooping after her every time she goes out to walk at Fontainebleau, and you will believe that she has proved her own recipe. The story of the lioness, that died in her arms at the foot of the stair-case at Pau, is most touching. The great creature, using the last remnant of its waning strength to lick the dear hand of its mistress, gives an illustration without a parallel, of the power of love on the brute creation. It is something to be proud of

to be loved by a lion. I should like to have one for a pet. There is no comfort in looking at the creatures in a menagerie, or a zoo. There is something too pitiful and pathetic for pleasure, in the sight of splendid great wild beasts behind the bars of cages in which they can scarcely turn round, when we know that their natures demand a mountain side for a single leap. Then think of the elephants that are chained by the legs all through the long winter. To be sure, they can lie down and get up. They can sway their huge bodies, to and fro, in a restless agony. It is all too much for me. We have to shut our eyes to many things that we cannot relieve.

I have a word to say about caged birds. From the king of the forest to a canary, you may think is firing wild, but you know the poet says —

‘ He prayeth best who loveth most
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.’

Caged birds are about as helpless innocents as can be found anywhere. It is surprising that so many people forget to feed and water them. They will sing, without a seed or a drop of water, as long as there is breath enough in

their little bodies to make a sound. Perhaps the poor things try to call attention to their wants in that way. I was a great bird-fancier when I was young, and now, when I see a bird-cage, I go straight to it from force of early habit. You would hardly believe me were I to tell you how often I find the little prisoners without a morsel of food or a drop to drink. People who can't take proper care of birds might, at least, open the door and give them their liberty. Every mother's son who cages a wild bird should be compelled to do so.

I am sorry to say it, — but I believe that boys are born cruel. It may be that a remnant of savagery inherited from far-away ancestors crops out in the youth of to-day, and it is left for environment to perfect their civilization. At any rate, one can't begin too early to fan the little spark of human kindness that may be in a boy's heart, or to kindle one there, in case of utter dearth. You know Dr. Holmes said that to produce a perfect man you must begin a hundred years before he is born. If we wish, in the course of two or three generations, to perfect in man that higher nature, that finer feeling which shows itself in kindness to all living things, now is the time to begin vigorously with the children of to-day. Heroic treat-

ment sometimes works well. I know one small boy who got pinched, himself, every time he pinched the cat. It had the desired effect in *his* case, though I would, by no means, recommend that plan on general principles.

One morning on my way to the station, I came upon three or four little ragamuffins making ready to throw stones at a harmless toad. I felt like throwing stones at *them* ; but, controlling my desire for vengeance on the spot, I took the toad and carried it away, after giving the boys a lesson they'll not soon forget. Another morning, I saw four full-grown school-boys tormenting one small kitten. I took the kitten as I did the toad ; after telling the boys that if they should live to become *men* they would be ashamed of themselves. I am glad to say that they looked a bit ashamed before I left them. If those boys had been taught, at home and in school, to protect the harmless little creatures that cross their path ; if their true relations to animal life had been made plain to them ; I believe they would never have stooped to such meanness. I haven't said a word about horses ; but there are few things that make me more righteously wrathful than to see a man trying to *back* a horse by yanking at his mouth, pulling his head back on one side,

doubling his body up like a hoop ; thus destroying the creature's power to back the load, and causing him such physical pain that he forgets what was required of him. A little time, and some patient kindness, is necessary to teach a horse to back, at the word ; but it is well worth while. His strength can then be saved for the labor, and need not be worried out of him in the stupid way it is so often done. Another thing : Horses are often run down in health and strength because their teeth are in such condition that they cannot eat. Their teeth should be well cared for, — not by a blunderer, but by a skilled veterinary. Horse dentistry is a profession not yet over crowded.

So many points come to my mind — I don't know when to stop talking. Think of the barbarism displayed in the killing of seals ; those soft-eyed innocents with half-human faces ! Think of the sports, of the lords of creation ; of all the killing for fun, that is going on among them ! And last, — and worst of all ; the atrocious cruelties that are practiced in secret places, — in the name of science !

Will some one please change the subject ? ”

“ What did you do with your toad, Mr. Turner ? ” asked one.

“ I dropped him over a fence into a flower

garden. I would pay a man to put toads into my garden. They wage constant warfare on slugs and worms, attend steadily to business and work for nothing. The toad is very useful, although not remarkably brilliant. He may lack intelligence, as a writer in 'Our Animal Friends' says, 'simply because he comes from a long line of uneducated ancestors.' "

"And what became of your kitten?"

"I noticed, when I drew near the next house, that the thing wanted to get away, so I went to the door and rang the bell. A pretty little girl answered my call, and by the way she cuddled up her treasure, and from the size of the small cat's purr, I knew that I need give myself no further trouble about that cat. She thanked me heartily for rescuing it and said she wished boys wouldn't be such savages."

"This is quite a new phase in your character Mr. Turner, I had no idea that you were so practical a philanthropist," said a lady smiling.

"I don't make much fuss about it" replied Mr. Turner, "but I seldom let a chance go by to help out the under dog. I beg your pardon for talking so long. Let us hear from you, Mr. Horton."

"I was thinking up something to say when you began," answered Mr. Horton, a benevolent

looking gentleman with a long white beard, and a glory of white hair upon his head. "But, to tell you the truth, Mr. Turner, I am struck dumb. I supposed the only animals you knew anything about, were bulls and bears. Here you have run through the whole gamut of creation from the leviathan to a microbe, and you are equally at home with them all. I'll not attempt to tell what I know about farming, but after you have talked yourselves out, I will read a few newspaper clippings that I have in my pocket."

"Mr. Turner," said a bright-eyed, pretty girl, a pink flush suffusing her fair face as she spoke, "I don't think all boys are cruel. I know one — a pretty big boy, too, — who wasn't ashamed to pick up in the street a dirty, starved, half-frozen little kitten and carry it home. He told his mother that it looked up at him in such a pitiful way, he couldn't pass by and leave it. It shall have a warm supper and one good night's rest, he said, and if we think best, I will put an end to its miseries in the morning. The poor thing looked up now and then, while eating, as if to say: 'This is something new, I was never fed before.' It went to sleep on a soft cushion and slept so soundly, they thought it must be dead. In the morning it was so

happy and grateful, — they hadn't the heart to do anything but to give the kitty a new lease of life,— a life worth living, too. It is now as handsome a cat as I ever saw. It has a velvety coat, most beautifully marked. They all say that Tom attracts more attention than any other member of the family. I don't think he has forgotten how he was rescued on that cold, stormy day, for he has always been perfectly devoted to the good Samaritan who wouldn't pass by and leave him to perish."

With a graceful bow to the young lady, Mr. Turner said, "Long may the handsome cat live to disprove my sweeping assertion." Then, turning to Miss Kate, he added, "Here is Mrs. Hale. A good whip as she is, must have had adventures worth the telling. And please, do not let Dr. Sampson off without a word."

THE "GOOD WHIP'S" STORY.

"Nothing at all thrilling, but such as I have had I willingly give you. I lived, the first eighteen years of my life, on a farm that bordered on a country village. I was born a tom-boy, and stood at the head of the tom-boy class until I was sent away to school where I soon found that many of my early accomplishments counted little towards raising my standing. I

ought to be a good whip, for I cannot remember a time when I didn't ride and drive. My father gave me my first lesson in horse-back riding when I was a baby. How I loved the glorious out-of-door life with the endless variety of pleasures brought by the changing seasons. I knew where to find the first downy catkins of the pussy-willow that ventured out of their winter hiding-places ; the first twigs of red maple that blossomed down by the babbling brook ; the first starry hepatica and dear little blue eyed violet that lifted their heads from the mossy bank ; and so on, through the long succession of nature's treasures, to the beautiful fringed gentian in the meadow and the weird, lone blossom of the witch-hazel in the wood.

‘ After dandelions, buttercups,
After buttercups, clover,
One blossom follows another
Over, and over, and over.

And the sweet satisfying green
Is round about them all ;
First to be here in the spring-time,
Staying last in the fall.

Just as God's love is first and last,
With human loves between
Successive blossoms which He sends
Through His all present green.’

My home was a rambling, old-fashioned, vine-

covered farm-house, always full of merry boys and girls and their pets. My mother was one to whom all the neighbors came for help in time of poverty, illness, or sorrow. No one ever went away without relief and comfort. My father was one of nature's noblemen. His great, strong soul so full of tenderness that it grieved him to see the least little creature suffer. I remember how he watched and tended a lamb with a broken leg as lovingly as if it had been a little child. Dumb animals were our playmates in childhood, and we grew up in this atmosphere of kindness to all God's creatures. We fed the birds in winter, in a box fastened to a tree near the house. One winter a red squirrel came with the birds every morning when not prevented by deep snow. It was great fun to hear him scold at a blue-jay that was not over modest in claiming his share of the good things in the box. The chickadees hopped on our wrists and ate from our hands. Crows alighted on a great boulder near by. They paid well for the food they found there by giving us a charming picture,—framed in one of our dining-room windows. We called the horses and cows by name, and they came at our call. Knowing no fear, expecting only kindness, they were, as a rule, gentle and easily



managed. One day, a new hired man came hurrying to the house. Wiping the perspiration from his face, he said, 'I can't catch that blamed pony no how — I've been chasin' him round trying to *drive* him into the barn for an hour. I'm fagged out,— but he's as good as new.' 'Perhaps one of the girls will go out and help you,' my father said, with a merry glance at me. I went with him, and, standing in the open door of the barn, whistled to the pony. Lifting his head at once, he came flying towards the gate, almost tumbling over himself in his haste to reach us. The pony got his lump of sugar, and the man led him away, muttering, 'Great Cæsar! I never see the likes o' that afore.' How it would startle me, to see my own little girl riding a pony without saddle or bridle; or driving him across the field, holding on for dear life to the end of his long tail. My pony must have timed himself to favor my limitations, for I never lost my hold on him, although I came in almost breathless. One day, in a frolic, I led the pony into the house. *That* was vetoed, when, a few days later, he was found with his head in the china-closet helping himself to apples. My pony was never shod. His neat little hoofs were like vulcanised rubber. They

never cracked ; and a surer footed little beast never lived.

When I was a mere child, we had a family horse, that for sagacity and sound common sense I have never seen equalled. Old White-face was known far and near, and my father's confidence in her was everywhere remarked. Our school was half a mile away, and on stormy days White-face was often sent with us. After putting us all into the carryall, my father, giving me the reins, would say, 'Let them lie loosely on her back, — don't pull them either way — and before you get out, be sure to fasten them up, so they can't fall to the ground.' The good creature always carried us safely to the school-house door ; then, turning about, walked home in a most dignified way as if she understood the responsibility of the situation. I have known my father to send her home alone, — a distance of ten miles. She could open all the gates and let down all the bars on the farm. She could open doors and feed-boxes ; yet she never got into trouble nor did any harm. When there was a colt to be driven for the first time, it was harnessed beside White-face. She kept it straight and taught it how to behave. Her cleverness was not the result of training. It was simply horse-sense de

veloped under kindly treatment. The good creature grew to be old in our service, and, when past her usefulness, was for a long time tenderly cared for. Not until she was so infirm that life was a burden to her, was it mercifully ended.

Dear old White-face disappeared one day, — and we asked no questions. Years afterward, I was told that my father led her away alone, and although it made the good man ill, he did the deed himself, because he knew no one whom he could trust to give her a painless death.

You say I am a ‘good whip,’ I very seldom drive any horse but my own. I am well acquainted with my Beauty. We understand each other. He is full of spirit and fire, but we get on famously together, although he might easily do mischief in careless hands. When I am out with him alone, I talk to him. I know he understands much that I say. I often tell him where to go, and he will go directly to the spot without being guided at all. One day, I was driving him down a steep hill. I was in a light carryall, with two ladies on the back seat. A nut came off and one of the shafts dropped to the ground. That was a perilous thing to happen. The carriage, swaying

Docking Horses Fiendish.

We gladly give publicity to the following letter, embodying as it does a circumstance relative to the cruel practice of docking horses' tails, so often reprehended in these columns, which deserves to be widely known:

WESTPORT, CONN., October 11, 1884.
A. W. LANDON, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I notice in your Journal an article on the cruelty of docking horses' tails.

The barbarity and terrible consequence of that foolish practice were experienced during the Peninsular war, between sixty and seventy years ago. During an important battle the flies were so tormenting, that the English horses, being docked, were quite unmanageable, while those of the enemy, with their long tails, could protect themselves and were under perfect control, and by this means the English were defeated with very heavy loss. After this the docking of horses in the British army was forbidden, and the consequence was that it went out of fashion altogether.

I imagine that the custom of depriving the horse of that beautiful and useful appendage is, in many cases, the work of the groom, as it saves him some little labor, and for this the poor beasts must go through a perfect torment every year during the fly season. Lawrence, of the best authority on the nature and treatment of the horse, says that grooms generally are so ignorant and presumptuous, that any gentleman who is so unfortunate as to be guided by them will, in all probability, will soon find himself obliged to go on foot.

ROBERT MARTIN.

Famous and noble old Dr. Johnson, of England characterized vivisectors as "a race of wretches, who, with knives, poisons, and many other devilish contrivances of torture, pretend to get knowledge, though at the expense of their own humanity."

True Character of Vivisectors

* "I do not believe that a single experimenter says to himself when he gives curari to a rabbit, or cuts the spinal marrow of a dog, or poisons a frog, "Here is an experiment which will relieve or will cure the disease of some man." No, in truth, he does not think of that! He says to himself, "I shall clear up an obscure point; I will seek out a new fact. And this *scientific curiosity* (italics not in original) which alone animates him, is explained by the high idea he has formed of science. This is why we pass our days in fetid laboratories, surrounded by groaning creatures, in the midst of blood and suffering, bent over palpitating entrails."—Dr. Richet, of Paris, in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, February 15, 1883.

Medical Faculty

"*Nothing without Cruelty*" might really be the device of the medical profession at the present moment. If a remedy be proposed founded on a long series of painful experiments on animals, it is received at once with acclamation as quite sure to save thousands of lives, even before it has saved a single one. If, on the contrary, it has nothing to do with *cruelty* of any kind, then, no matter what evidence is produced of its practical efficacy, or how distinguished may be the name of its originator, it falls as dead as a door-nail on the medical ear.—(*Edinburg, Scotland, Report.*)

In case of fire in stables, put a *saddle* on a horse and he can be lead out without trouble.

For fits or blind staggers, do not resort to the usual barbarous, sickening and weakening method of bleeding, but do as the famous Henry Bergh's Humane Society does—apply ammonia to the nose with sponge or cloth, and the animal will at once recover. Those who drive horses liable to this disease should always carry a bottle when driving it.

When one has lost the sentiment of pity out of his heart, he is not fit to live in such a world as this. He might do for some other one where there is no sin or suffering, IF THERE BE SUCH A ONE, but *here*, our compassion must be in constant exercise if we are to live to any good purpose.



It is impossible to have a noble and right spirit while engaged in mean and cruel transactions. Those who practise cruelty are themselves the greatest sufferers.

In character building, which is our great business in this world, no small part of the work is done by our treatment of the *animals* committed to our care.

A man very prominent in his state says:
*"I hope there is a heaven for horses; they have
hell enough here."*

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from side to side, crowded upon Beauty, but he stopped at my 'whoa' and held it as well as he could. I sprang out and stood by him while the others went back to the nearest house for help. The farmer who came to the rescue, looking at the creature in amazement, said, 'That's a mighty knowin' hoss youv'e got, — most hosses would have smashed you into kindlin' wood.' 'Yes,' said I, 'It was nothing but his level head that saved us.'

Again, I was driving him beside another horse, to a heavy carriage, when the pole-strap broke. He stopped at the word, and stood still until the damage was repaired. He often sees things that startle him, and a looker-on might think an accident would happen. I have only to tell him that it is all right. He understands 'all right,' and seems to trust it perfectly. Once, he refused to cross a bridge. Nothing would induce him to set foot upon it until I got out, — stamped on the planks as if trying their strength, — got back into the buggy telling him, as usual, that it was all right. He was satisfied and trotted on without further question.

Two girls who were here last summer, begged me to let them take Beauty to drive out two or three miles to do an errand. I consented

rather reluctantly They were driving along slowly on a narrow road, wooded on one side, a steep bank covered with stones on the other. With no warning whatever, a large white dog sprang over the wall from the wood with one tremendous bound, landing in the middle of the road almost under Beauty's nose. The horse did exactly what any of us would have done, — jumped, or rather, shied so sharply that over went the buggy and out went the girls. One was thrown upon the rocks and stunned by the fall. The other fell to the ground, her head lying between the wheels, so that a move of the carriage either way might have been fatal to her. The horse, alone, understood the situation and knew how much depended on his standing still. He did not lift a foot. Some men at work in a distant field, seeing the accident, ran as fast as they could to the spot. Their account of Beauty's good behavior rang through the town. The girls were pretty well shaken up and somewhat bruised, although not seriously hurt. Nothing was broken, in carriage or harness, and the horse came home as quietly as if nothing had happened."

"Why didn't you whip him when he balked at the bridge?" asked one.

"Whip him!" cried Mrs. Hale, "indeed

that is the last thing that would have entered my head. Supposing you were afraid to cross a bridge because you thought it unsafe. How would you like to be whipped for it? All the horse needed was to have me show him that there was no danger. If my Beauty had been roughly handled, whipped into submission, knocked about with no regard for his feelings, he wouldn't be the horse that he is to-day, by any means. I don't believe he would get through a week without figuring in an accident, and it would be a lively one.

Kind masters make gentle horses. The best horse trainers in the world are those who use apples and sugar-lumps freely, rather than the whip and loud words. Give a horse a bite of green grass often, and he will follow you like a dog. It is an insult to a horse to compel him to eat old, dried up, last year's hay, week in and week out, when fresh, juicy grass is plenty and growing on purpose for him. The notion that grass is harmful to horses is soon forgotten by those who feed it freely. It is their natural food and most horses need much more of it than they get. There is no better rule to follow in our treatment of the horse, than, Put yourself in his place, and Do as you would be done by."

MR. HORTON'S CLIPPINGS.

STARVING, FREEZING, CATTLE.

"A correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel tells this pitiful tale of what he saw in going from Wisconsin to California :

'Before reaching Kinsley, and between Kinsley and La Junta, the fields were literally covered with dead and dying cattle. The uncommon cold in Colorado had caused them to go south.

Reaching the Sante Fe road, their further progress was barred by wire fences, but could they have passed this, the Arkansas river, which is partly frozen, would have prevented them from reaching any more southern point. Freezing, and without food, there was nothing for them to do but to wait for death. Their lips were frozen and they were unable to eat the bits of grass that were above the snow. It was the most pitiful sight, I trust, that I shall ever be obliged to witness. It was estimated that one hundred thousand were in sight from the car windows ; and when to this number is added the almost countless herds between the Arkansas river and northern Colorado, the amount of suffering is beyond human computation. Many lay under the wire fences dead, having pushed their way as far south as possible. Little calves leaned against the wires with no strength to release themselves from the cruel barbs, — waiting for death. At Dodge City, where we were detained by a wrecked car, the starving creatures were walking

through the town, or standing with their mute appealing eyes turned toward the people, who were powerless to help. The white snow that covered their bodies was the only touch of mercy that we saw. Some of them were Texan cattle, wholly unfit for northern climates unless sheltered and fed when necessary.

I wonder if cattle owners could have taken that ride, made solemn by the suffering of helplessness, whether their hearts would have been stirred with pity. Whether they would have resolved that henceforth they would own no more cattle than they could protect from cold and starvation. Surely the moans of the cattle upon the thousand western hills ascend unto the ear of the Almighty. Thirteen hundred sheep lay in one pile, — dead, — frozen to death."

ABOUT POOR PUSS.

"The time is the Spring. Here is a house that has been dismantled for the season. The last load has been sent off on the van, the last trunk packed and thrown on the cab, the door is locked, and the family are off with hearts and heads full of the freedom, and beauty, and rest lying before them. *But one poor little heart is left behind.* A pretty little purring thing, a little dependent, has been thrown upon the cold world! Her friends have departed — her own door is closed against her. What does she do when she discovers the dreadful truth that she is deserted? I have known a cat thus deprived

of its home to stay about for weeks and months, each day coming back to ask why she is so cruelly treated, each day growing dirtier and hungrier, more hopeless, unkempt and savage, until finally with temper ruined, manners noisy and rude, coat all ugly with dirt and scratches, she has become a wretched, unhappy, street cat.

One of these poor creatures I found when I came home last autumn. She was ill, starving, half blind from disease ; but I put an end to her suffering with chloroform as soon as I could catch her ; and Oh ! the pity of it ! I found, in making friends with her preparatory to my treacherous deed, that she had been somebody's pet for she was tame and affectionate as soon as she heard a friendly voice and recognized a friendly hand.

Year after year this thing happens, and it will repeat itself this year, and every year to come, until we give thought and take pains that this thing shall not go on.

Then do not leave a creature to starve in the streets, or in your back-yard — whether it is your own, or a poor stray thing that comes under your notice. If you cannot provide it with a home, send a line to the S. P. C. A. saying where it may be found ; and they will send an agent who will mercifully end its life.

If we have allowed the ills of pain and hunger, and homelessness to come upon a helpless creature, and cannot bring it back to a happy existence, surely we owe it, at least, a merciful death. Does

it seem an insignificant subject for such serious thought? I cannot think so, nor, that weakness and suffering, wherever found, do not call upon us to protect and spare — for the sake of the dependent creature, for the sake of our own souls, for the sake of God who alike created us all.” — Boston Transcript.

A VISIT TO PALO ALTO.

A well known clergyman of Boston says: “I learned a lesson in the care of animals at Senator Stanford’s place at Palo Alto, California. He took me out to see the colt’s kindergarten where the colts are taught as tenderly as little children in the kindergarten. Senator Stanford says he treats his animals like intelligent creatures, studies them to find out what they are capable of, and trains them to do what they have the ability to do. Result; — his yearlings, two year old and three year old colts have beaten the record of the world on the race track. It was his invariable rule, if a man swore, or spoke roughly, or under any provocation struck a horse, to discharge him instantly. He finds it pays to treat them kindly, tenderly and well. I wish all the world could see his methods and learn the same lesson. What he could teach along that line should win him the gratitude of the ages.” — Boston Journal.

“There are few sins more heinous and unpardonable than cruelty to animals, and this sin covers and disgraces the whole world. Is a drunkard worse than he who is cruel to his useful domestic animals? No. The Scriptures say, “No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven.”
Where then will the torturers of animals go?

DECALOGUE FOR ANIMALS.

TEN RULES ADOPTED BY THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR
THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

First. — No one has a right to keep animals, either for use or pleasure, unless he is able and willing to provide them with whatever is necessary for their health and happiness. No animal can be healthy and happy unless it is kindly treated, comfortably lodged, regularly fed, supplied with water and afforded opportunities of recreation.

Second. — Kind and gentle treatment is due to all animals, and need not interfere with firmness in governing them. Animals are often thought to be ill tempered or obstinate when they are really suffering from some pain or irritation the cause of which is not seen, but which may be soothed by patience and quietness. If you try to find out what is the matter with an animal before you punish him, you will probably find that there is no reason to punish them. Be careful to remove anything that causes fear. Animals are often terrified by things that men hardly observe. If they are punished, their terror is only increased. Nothing will quiet them so soon as gentle talk and caressing. Kindness will win the confidence of any animal, and an animal which confides in his keeper is easily managed. If you want your horse to work well, take good care that his harness does not chafe him.

Third. — All animals require sunshine, and their dwellings should have a southerly or westerly as-

pect if possible, but they should always have access to shade when they desire it. Stables, sheds, coops, and cages should be well drained, well lighted, and well ventilated, but never drafty. A humane owner will prevent much suffering by learning the degree of heat and cold which the animal is enabled by nature or habit to endure. Every stable yard, cage, kennel and bed should be kept thoroughly clean.

Fourth. — Every animal should have as much solid food daily as it will eat up clean, but no more than it will consume. Stale food is unwholesome. It should be removed early in the morning and replaced by a fresh supply. Nocturnal animals should be fed at sunset. Be careful to give animals as much variety of food as possible, and let it be as nearly as possible the food which the animal would use in a state of nature. Animals which are regularly fed on grain ought to have frequent supplies of green food.

Fifth. — Every animal should have an abundant supply of pure water for drinking. Vessels used for food or water should be washed daily and should be wiped dry before refilling. Iron troughs or plates lined with porcelain are best, being clean, cheap, and durable.

Sixth. — Bathing is necessary to the health and comfort of many animals. Cage birds ought to be allowed to bathe daily, and a separate vessel adapted to their size should be supplied for that purpose. Some birds delight in dust baths. A

working horse should be allowed every day to roll on the grass, or on saw-dust.

Seventh. — Animals as well as man are happier and better for reasonable recreation. Whenever it is possible they should have it. The horse should be allowed an opportunity to run at large. Dogs, especially in cities, should be taken out to run freely. Even cage birds are immensely pleased if they are allowed to leave the cage an hour or so each day.

Eighth. — When an animal is sick, see that it is kept quiet and unmolested, and that its treatment is unusually gentle.

Ninth. — When it is certain that an animal will die, always secure the services of a humane and experienced person to destroy it in the quickest and least painful way, and when it dies never fail to bury it at once.

Tenth. — Try to make the world as happy as possible for any creature in your charge.

A wise heathen once said, "We hide our sins from the sight of men. We forget that the horse we ride knows our temper; that our dogs and cattle have felt our cruelty; that every tree, the earth on which we walk, the very air holds myriads of dumb watchful creatures.

Who knows what report they render of us to the Gods?" — Youth's Companion.

"These selections," said Mr. Horton, "are from papers which are read by hundreds of thousands of people. My pocket is full of more of the same stamp, but I have read enough to show the tone of the press on this subject of the abuse of dumb creatures, and to give an idea of the mighty influence it exerts for good. We may sadly deplore the fact, that the newspaper is a most powerful agent in carrying on the devil's business. At the same time, we may reverently thank God that it carries, to the ends of the earth, the knowledge of 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.'

I have been greatly interested in what has been said to-night on the importance of keeping the studies of the young, as long as possible, free from all that may have a tendency to dull the moral sense. It might have a good effect, if people who bequeath their money to schools and colleges, should take care to prevent its ever being used to promote cruel practices.

I knew a good woman, too tender-hearted to hurt a mouse, who, all her life denied herself

every luxury that she might endow a school with her hoarded savings. She wouldn't rest in her grave if she knew what is going on in that school to-day. I believe that these experiments in physiology, in some natures, *instigate* crime. I knew a boy, gentle and kind, who developed into a fiend. His friends traced the change in him, directly, to his studies on this line. He came to the gallows, when still young, and the wretch deserved the fate if any one ever did. The tendency to begin these studies too early, should be checked.

I know another case, where a science-crazy teacher compelled a sensitive girl, twelve years old, to stay in the school-room and witness a vivisection. The child came near being thrown into convulsions by this outrage to her finer feelings. When the parents came upon the scene, the teacher found that she had something to deal with besides the "squeamishness" of the child. The hand of the law cannot come down too heavy, on this matter of experiments in public schools. "

A WORD FROM DR. SAMPSON.

"You ask me for one word. I ought not to refuse so simple a request. The word I have in mind — is, by no means, simple in signifi-

cance. It suggests heart-rending horrors, — too inhuman to detail. It stands for barbarous experiments, — atrocious cruelties, practiced as a means of illustration or for the purpose of demonstrating well-known truths. The word might be defined : — The infliction of excruciating torture on helpless, innocent creatures, for the sake of an alleged benefit to mankind that is questioned by many of the wisest and best scientists in the world. It *has* been defined : ‘Hellish crimes committed in the grand name of science.’ In the lexicons of the future, this word, in the sense we are now considering it, will be marked — *obsolete*. Statistics show that crime is greatly on the increase in this country. It will continue to increase, as long as such a crime as vivisection is upheld by law. It is a blot upon our nation’s honor that vivisection, as now practiced, is not *made* a crime. Let this practice be forbidden, — and scientists, who have for generations kept steadily on in this old demoralizing track, making these sickening experiments over and over again, will search out new lines of study, will devise higher methods of demonstration. There are forces in this world waiting for discovery, which will open new channels of search that will lead to nobler results, — without involv-

**"Cruelty would need no hell
Save the ghosts of the sad beasts should
come.**

**And standing, silent, crowd their centered
heads,**

174 Stare the ill man to madness."

"The grand name of Science is now pros-
tituted to the uses of those hellish crimes and
vile monstrous cruelties, too loathsome often-
times to be even written about by the fiendish
tormentors themselves."

(*London Paper*)

ing physical agony and moral degradation.

The reports that come from the laboratories of France are blood-curdling. We long to think they are exaggerated, but are forced, by the testimony of authentic witnesses, to believe the worst that has been told. It is said that there are places in our own land where as horrible scenes are daily witnessed by young students in physiology, who become so hardened that they are pitiless lookers-on, regardless of the most touching appeals of the sufferers. Is this the kind of instruction to create the highest type of manhood? Is this a fit preparation for a noble life? It is degrading to the proud name of science that its devotees must resort to such ignoble means, to gain a minimum of knowledge, that could, doubtless, be acquired by methods above reproach. It is declared, by reliable scientific authorities, that these experiments 'serve no purpose that cannot be better served by other methods;' — that 'they are not justified by necessity and no harm will come to science if they are forbidden;' — that 'these brutal methods of imparting knowledge (?) do far more harm than they can do good;' that 'vivisection is useless and misleading in the cause of true science and its employment should be stopped;' — that

"Our hands are empty, but our mouths are
full of promises."

(*Claude Bernard, Paris*)

"On nice moral questions, I do not think
the working physiologist can be trusted to
decide."

(*Dr. Wickham Legg, England*)

**“Out of hell a word comes hissing, dark as
doom,
Fierce as fire and foul as plague-polluted
gloom.”—VIVISECTION!**

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‘this practice, for the purpose of instruction, is absolutely unnecessary and ought to be put an end to by legislation, without any reserve whatever.’

The testimony of hundreds of honest, noble-hearted, eminent physicians goes to prove that ‘It is unjustifiable, cruel, and in no way advances medical science ;’ — that ‘it has opened up no new views for the cure of diseases ;’ — that ‘it blunts the moral sense to such a degree as to become a strong force in the production of criminals ;’ — that ‘in all medical schools it should be abolished.’ Cardinal Manning saw this tendency to dull the moral nature, when he said : ‘What will be the effect on the nation, if this abominable practice continues unchecked ? If we allow the nation to become brutalized by what is called science ; what will happen to our young students who ought to be sent out with tender hearts, and souls full of sympathy for all God’s creatures ?’

Among the advocates of this ‘infernal inhumanity’ on the scientific side of the question, there are some, who claim that ‘moral law has no place in the laboratory,’ — that ‘animals have no *rights* there, that man is called upon to respect.’ Others say that ‘these experiments are cruel in the eyes of super-sensitive, hysteric people ;’ — that ‘accounts are grossly exagger-

The good and great Lord Shaftsbury of England, said about vivisection “the thought of this diabolical system haunts and disturbs me night and day.”

“Now that Jews, Heretics and Witches can no longer be tormented, punched with red-hot irons and burnt, the human race satisfies its thirst for cruelty on faithful, sensitive animals. So long as there is something to be burnt, flogged, cut in pieces, it little matters what.

(*Thier und Menschen Freund, Germany*)

ated.’ They try to pacify the public by crying that there is no pain,—but details, taken from laboratory records, tell the story. *Such records* do not lie. They say, too, that ‘nature is cruel in its methods;’ that the history of nature’s workings is one long tragedy.

It is not for man to accuse nature, in defence of his own cruelty;—to pass judgment on nature’s methods of keeping its true balance, until he can better comprehend, in its breadth, depth and height the great plan of the Creator. It is clearly the mission of man to add to the happiness and lessen the misery in the world, as far as it lies in his power. Again, they say that ‘the greatest good to the greatest number is the measure of right and wrong.’ When doctors disagree so widely, as to what *is* the greatest good to the greatest number, who, but the people, shall decide? Some one has asked why an angry driver, who beats his horses on the street, should be arrested, fined, and dealt with as he deserves—when a professional man and a scholar may torture, in the most brutal manner, without fear of being molested by the law? One wonders why the driver does not question the justice of a decree that punishes him for the lesser crime.

The truth is, the people, as yet, know but

little of this atrocious business, which is carried on behind closed doors that bar out the very elect. But there is a growing repugnance toward it, deep and strong. The world is waking up to think about it — to read about it — to talk about it. A spirit of sympathy for these innocent sufferers is working in the heart of the public. The question of justice to them, is coming more and more to the front. The people will not much longer be kept in ignorance. The literature of the Humane Societies, so widely circulated, tells the plain, unvarnished truth ; — and all may read. I have faith in the humanity in mankind when once it is aroused. Let there be a wide-spread knowledge of the extent and enormity of this practice, and the world will not sit with folded hands and allow it to continue. The time will come, in fact, I think it is at hand, when a mighty sound like the roar of many waters will go up from the heart of 'the people,' demanding in the name of justice, of mercy, of humanity, of honor, that this evil shall cease. There will be a hard fight for its continuance. There are many who command salaries for conducting these cruelties, and many more, who gain a livelihood by supplying the subjects. They will make the weight of their numbers felt in the contest, but

I have no fear for the ultimate result. Nothing can withstand the march of true progress. This is a mighty question. It implores the whole civilized world to search into it. When a knowledge of this inhuman practice and its depraving influence becomes universal ;— the end is assured : But one is forced to cry, ‘ How long, O Lord ? ’

“ I am glad if there is a hopeful side to this question,” said one, “ for my part, I am kept awake nights, thinking that these infernal proceedings are going on somewhere, and, as yet, there is no power to stop it. We need another Harriet Beecher Stowe, to handle man’s inhumanity to animals, as that noble woman dealt with his inhumanity to man. But we must wait for this uprising of public sentiment, that Dr. Sampson has such faith in.”

“ No ! ” interrupted Dr. Sampson, “ we must not *wait* for it. We must *fight* for it !

But you all have lost sight of the fact that it is getting late ; or shall we call it early ? The next stroke of the clock will begin on the *wee sma* hours. The moon has gone behind the hills. Our lights are growing dim. The morning light and the cock-crowing are not far away. The clerk is nodding in his chair. He will wake and accuse us of cruelty to

animals if we keep him up much longer."

"Then all arose and said 'Good Night.'"

"While from the windows, here and there,
The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,
And the illumined hostel seemed
The constellation of the Bear,
Downward, athwart the misty air,
Sinking and setting toward the sun,
Far off the village clock struck one."

Vivisection

LAYMAN; "I understand that you have devoted your life to the study of disease germs?"
Great Scientist (proudly): "I have." Layman:
"Have you found a remedy for any of them?"
G. S. "Well no; but I have succeeded in finding good long names for them all."

(*London Paper*)

A Science without God! A lustful greed
Of sovereign Knowledge, arming hands of power
To search out Nature's secret, plenteous dower
Of deep, indwelling Life! Dumb victims bleed
And suffer Torture; and their strained eyes plead
A helpless misery as they shrink and cower
While cruel fingers wantonly deflower
Some part of wonted use.

No human need is aided; but, divinest use denied,
The low beast's maiming will invite the high
Immortal man's; till horrors multiplied
Destroy all *thought* of healing; and the cry
Of sick humanity be answered by
An outraged Nature and a God defied."

(*C. E. Rowe, England*)

The Crime of the World, Vivisection

* * * * *

And beyond all this, in abyssmal deeps
The Spirit of Cruelty sows and reaps,
In the chambers of Torture that wear to day
The glow of the cruel inquisitor's sway;
'Tis impious zeal that in Murder deals,
Not Humanity's heart-throb that grandly feels.
O, shrink from the terrible hand, blood-dyed,
That all claim of the merciful soul denied;
The foulest and blackest, most fearful crime,
Injustice the rankest! most barbarous sight!
Pretense of Knowledge assailing the Right!
Vivisection, the depths of all cruelty thine,
Thy crimes are the false lights that luridly shine.

VI.

FINALE.

“So many gods, so many creeds —
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.”

A few short years have passed since I listened to the talks on the veranda of the Country Inn, which I have related in the foregoing chapters. I have not had the good fortune to meet any of that little company again. I think of them as “Ships that pass in the night.” But the ringing words that were spoken in passing, changed the course of a life.

I thought of Mr. Gates and his avowed affection for the religions of the Orient, when reading, not long ago, a report of a notable address by a Buddhist Monk from Ceylon. “Dharmapala, with a beautiful spirit and reverent earnestness,” says “The Outlook,” “expounded the teachings of Buddha. His manner was so courteous and his spirit so fine that no one could doubt the spiritual power and earnestness of the man. When at last he said that he did not come to attack our religion, but could not help expressing his mind con-

cerning the terrible sufferings of the animal world, and declared that such sights as are witnessed at the stock yards in Chicago are a disgrace to civilization and would not be tolerated in a Buddhist country, the audience manifested its approval by a round of the heartiest applause."

Mr. Leigh, and his eager search for light on the question of endless life for the lower animals, came to my mind, as in looking over recent book notices, I saw the somewhat surprising title, — "Life and Immortality, or Souls in Plants and Animals." The writer of this book claims that the same breath of life, which, we read, was breathed into the nostrils of man by the Creator, was also breathed into every created thing which has life. "If, therefore, this was a particle of the divine essence which became the immortal soul in man, then all other animals have immortal souls, for they all received the spirit of lives in common with him." The theories of this book are not of such stuff as dreams are made of. They are the outcome of a scientific study of the great lessons taught by nature and Revelation to one who has eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to feel. No one can read it without feeling a deep sense of the sacredness of life, however

widely he may differ from the author in belief.

Again : Another member of that little company was brought before me, when the X-Ray came — to startle the world with its weird power to illumine its darkest places. Is not this, one of the forces waiting for discovery, that proves the truth of Dr. Sampson's hopeful, prophetic words? In time, — may not the lens supercede the scalpel, as a holier and cleaner means of search into the secrets of life?

A vision of a pretty lady dressed in blue — talking earnestly about birds, rises from my memory, as I read, to-day, of the great movements on foot to prevent our wild birds from being swept off the face of the earth. The "note of alarm" has, at last, been heard. The conscience of the public is aroused. The appeals to humanity have not been in vain.

The "Song-birds of Massachusetts and their Play-fellows" have led the world, in presenting to the General Court of their State a plea for protection, *signed with their own names*. It was a wise little bird that whispered into the ear of the kind-hearted Senator, who framed for them their unique and graceful petition. Happy Massachusetts birds! Their protection is henceforth assured. We listen for a new note in their joyful song.

I hear, too, from the East, that an energetic women's club has started a crusade for saving the birds that bids fair to march around the world. It is, indeed, hopeful when women join their forces to protect the feathered tribes. "It is a melancholy fact," writes a Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, "that among the enemies of our birds, two of the most destructive and relentless are our women and our boys." Woman may, as a noble woman has suggested, "so create fashion that it will be vulgar for a woman to wear any part of a bird in her hat." Woman, too, can stop the mania for collecting eggs that is too often encouraged by the thoughtless. She can educate the small boy to use the camera and the spy-glass in the woods and fields, instead of the gun. "The gun gives the body," said Thoreau, — "not the bird."

Women were never so united in organized forces as they are to-day. There is strength, in this union, for the accomplishment of every good work which gains their notice. It is interesting to trace, in the evolution of women's clubs, the growth of the helpful element in the subjects to which they give their attention. The primary idea of the club, everywhere, was individual culture and

the development of a finer home life. What is individual culture, but the starting point, the stepping stone to that universal culture which broadens, deepens and uplifts the life of a nation? The practical and the helpful questions are now pressing to the front, demanding and receiving intelligent attention. What can we do to develop a finer public spirit in our community? What can we do to improve and make more attractive our towns and villages? How can we help to protect our shade trees, and preserve our forests? How can we show our interest in education? Are we doing all we can, to aid and encourage our public school teachers in the noble work to which they are devoting their lives? Can we not use our influence, and add our mite, towards making our school-houses beautiful, healthful and home-like? What shall we do to create and foster, in the rising generation, a taste for the *best* in literature, music and art? Is it not our mission to do what we can to stop the wanton destruction of our song-birds?

The interests that appeal strongly to women's clubs for a share in their thought and work, are many; and many are the calls to which they nobly respond. But there is one cause, that, with its mute appeal to their sympathy,

has, thus far, been strangely overlooked, or thoughtlessly disregarded. Can we not make a special effort to show our interest in the movements for the prevention of cruelty to our dumb animals? Can we not use our influence to prevent the mutilation of horses,—to abolish the use of savage bits and barbarous check-reins? Can we not help to create a public sentiment against the practice of vivisection, that shall have weight, in putting a stop to this • infamous cruelty? Can not *we* become such a power in the cause of humanity to all helpless dumb creatures, that it will yet be said, that the societies for prevention of cruelty to animals have no stronger allies than women's clubs?

Is the work that stands waiting to be done by the "white hands, warm hearts, and subtle brains of those who serve" in women's clubs, almost appalling to the faint-hearted? I heard, not long ago, the address of a college President to a class of young women about to leave the college home for their work in life. I had no pencil and paper for tangible notes. I cannot give the speaker's helpful words, but the spirit of them says: If there is more work than we can do,—more wrong than we can right,—more mystery than we can solve,—more suffering than we can relieve,—more sorrow than

we can assuage ; let us not for a moment forget that there is more help, — more courage, — more strength than we can use, — more love than we can comprehend. What we need, is more trust in the great Designer of all things, who sees the end from the beginning, and knows the ultimate good that will come from what may seem to our finite vision, a chaos of evil.

The signs of the times are hopeful in the promise of a better recognition of the rights of the lower animals. Humane Societies are doing a good work in their behalf that can hardly be over-estimated. It is doubtless a result of their vigorous efforts, that dissection and vivisection have been prohibited in our public schools. Other humane movements have, within the last few years, been “crystallized by legislation ;” a matter of great rejoicing to those who have worked unceasingly to bring about such desirable results. Yet the world is still waiting for the zenith of that civilization, which recognizes the fact that “all life is worthy of interest, sympathy, love and reverence,” and demands a love so great as to include a helpful, tender regard for the happiness and well being of the dumb animals that inherit, with mankind, a dwelling place on this old earth.

Once more, I have made a pilgrimage to the mountains and the sea. When in the vicinity of that restful place, which so charmed me on my former journey, I could not resist the temptation to revisit the scene of my strange dream, — and awakening to new views of life's duties and responsibilities. Arriving at the railway station at the foot of the hill, I looked in vain for the picturesque, clumsy, old yellow stage-coach. A little disappointed, I called a carriage, saying to the driver, "Take me to the old Inn on the Hill."

In surprise he exclaimed, "Why, Madam! Haven't you heard? That house has been burned to the ground!"

"Then take me to the place where it stood," I said.

As we slowly drove up the long hill I plied the driver with questions. I learned that this fine old mansion, after its life of more than a hundred years of usefulness and honor, had been cruelly swept away by the torch of a midnight incendiary; that the whole town mourned the loss of this priceless historic landmark. And well it might. Too few of these choice relics of Colonial days are left to us now, and they cannot be prized too highly, or guarded too well. I learned, also, from the

driver, who looked wonderingly at me when I inquired for the horses in the stable, by name, that Madame, the aristocratic old white beauty, was found dead in her stall, one morning, a short time before the fire ; her appearance indicating that she had dropped suddenly from heart disease. Frazzle, too, had passed away ; and was buried in the shade of a maple in the field that he loved so well. Poor Ned, so cruelly wronged, became nervous and intractable, and was taken with a car-load of horses to be sold at auction in the South. He had been sent, as was prophesied, where flies would worry him the year round, and with no tail to protect himself from their torments.

As we drew near the desolate site, I began instinctively to repeat, —

“ For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And the wild mother scream — ”

I could not finish the couplet, for a comfortable, motherly old hen was scratching and clucking fondly to her brood of well-fed chicks, in the tall grasses and weeds that already grew on the spot. The grand old elms stood on guard about the place, as they did when I first saw it. The same peaceful country stretched far away towards the mountains and the sunset. But with the old house, the

delightful atmosphere of mellow repose, the quaint charm that cast its spell over the quiet neighborhood, had departed. It was as if the spirit of a living thing had gone out in that blaze and smoke. Not a trace of the time-honored land-mark was left standing. Only the door-stones remained. What fancies they suggested of the myriads of fair women, brave men, and dear little children, who had passed in and out, in all the years from the day they were placed there, to the black night when the fire-fiend bounded over them in haste to leave the scene of his crime.

I was hurried away from this tragic spot in an electric car, that went tearing down the Street Beautiful, where before, the drowsy old stage-coach had so lazily rumbled. Closing my eyes to the gaunt poles that towered up among the fine trees that shaded it, I recalled my first impression of this fair street, on the day that we drove in its grateful shade to the restful Inn beyond.

Glancing over the columns of a daily journal as the train bore me away, my attention was arrested by the words, "Are Animals Immortal?" In a paragraph under this head, I read that a "Bureau of Animal Psychology" has been recently formed in this country; the ob-

ject of which "is to collect evidence by correspondence and observation, to show that the lower animals may be immortal." The names of many who are interested in this movement are well and widely known. So the question with which my story opens, commands, to-day, the attention of wise heads in science and theology.

On one of my journeys across the country, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of a venerable Bishop, whose life was, long ago, consecrated to a labor of love among the Indians of the West. The dear old man is already canonized in the hearts of his friends. His face, even now, shines as with a light from the heavenly city. I listened, spell-bound, as he told the story of his adventures, hardships, discouragements and successes among the tribes of the wilderness. Truly, this humble disciple, in ministering to the temporal and spiritual needs of these rude children of the forest, has followed, as closely as human may, the precepts and example of our Divine Master. The good Bishop told me that it had been his custom, day after day, and year after year, to ride, alone, through the wilderness; where it would seem that he bore a charmed life.

"My only travelling companion for many years," said he "was my good horse, Rainier. We journeyed together more than thirty thousand miles. I looked upon him as a friend, faithful and true."

With a tear glistening in his eye, he continued, "I cried bitterly when my dear old Rainier died. I loved him,—and, even now, tears come to my eyes when I speak of him."

After a moment's pause he added, "But I *may* see him again. Is not our Father's love large enough to hold all his creatures? And is not his universe broad enough to give them all a home?"

We can easily run from these few premises to the full realization that there is a passion of cruelty still sweeping along in our world and our country—a passion which should be met and be eliminated more perfectly from the human heart. It was the disgrace of the past; it is the **DEEPER INFAMY** of the present because the culture of the race has moved forward since the times of Nero and Catharine de Medici.

The Moral Warfare

"The author of a great reformation is always unpopular in his own age. He generally passes his life in disquiet and danger. It is therefore for the interest of the human race that the memory of such men should be had in reverence, and that they should be supported against the scorn and hatred of their contemporaries. To go on the forlorn hope of truth is a service of peril—who will undertake it, if it be not also a service of honor? It is easy enough after the ramparts are carried, to find men to plant the flag on the topmost tower. The difficulty is to find men who are ready to go first in the breach.

(Lord Macaulay)

The Angel of Mercy passeth by on the other side and hath no tears to shed when he cruel man dies.

A Problem

Impromptu lines upon a rema k with refer-
ence to vivisection, "but they have no souls,"

Come Carlo, dear four-footed friend,

And look at me that I may trace

Once more that glance of loving light,

Which lends such beauty to thy face.

But whence it comes and what it means,

Can take small place in Nature's roll;

Thy gaze is but atonic play,

For Carlo, dear, thou hast no soul(?)

Give me thy paw; 'tis *trustier far*

Than many a hand of human mould;

And greet me with thy honest tongue

Which never a *human* lie has told.

And yet thy steadfastness and truth

'Twere idle folly to extol;

They're only matter's fleeting form

For Carlo, dear, thou hast no soul(?)

There let my vivisecting knife

Slow make thee, dumb, and maimed, and blind;

Thy torture weighs not in the scale,

Matter must be the store of mind.

Ah! God, that look; that piteous cry,

What is this thought beyond control?

Can science be a cruel lie,

And faithful Carlo *have a soul?*

(*L. H. E. in London Zoophilist*)

4th. Duty to God who created and gave them requires it.

5th. Because it adds to the happiness of every human being through life to love and be kind to lower animals.

6th. Because it has been proved in numerous schools of various nations that those taught to be doing kind acts daily to the lower races—feeding the birds, patting the horses, talking kindly to all sensitive creatures, etc.—become in all the relations of life, better men and women.

Why Should we Teach Kindness to the Lower Animals.

1st. Public health requires kind treatment to give us wholesome meats—and milk, products that are not poisonous.

2d. Agriculture requires the protection of our insect-eating birds and their nests.

3d. Gratitude requires it for the services they render us, and the happiness they bring into our lives.

"As nothing is too cruel, so nothing is too loathsome for the vivisectors. W. Gaucher revels in a new way of giving animals Bright's Disease. It consists in injecting into guinea-pigs certain products of animal organs, so that the poor creatures die of diseased kidneys. Dr. Klein, Mr. Lingard and others are amusing themselves by feeding fowls upon the putrid lungs of men and animals to induce tuberculosis and inoculating guinea-pigs, which persist in disappointing these fragrant persons by premature death from blood poisoning. And the result of all the diabolical cruelties practised is the power of PRODUCING diseases but not a step towards their CURE. The effect of their gruesome processes are found to be quite different on different animals, and are, therefore, scarcely ever a guide to their effects on human beings. Let no one, however, be discouraged; they will presently want human beings to practice on."

(Halifax "Critic")

Letter from Mr. Downes to Miss Francis Power Cobbe

"DEAR MADAM—I have much pleasure in assenting to your proposal to add my name to the free list of Honorary Members of the Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection. I had no hesitation in signing the petition against vivisection at Taunton, because I consider that in the dark ages of ignorance and superstition the practice may possibly have been excusable, but that with the increased knowledge of the causes of disease which we now possess, it is not only cruel, but totally unnecessary.

I remain, dear Madam, yours very truly,

Henry Downes, M. D.,

Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, H. P.
Tiverton, Devon, Eng., May 3d. 1884.

NO 10



Christmas in Sweden.

They tell a lovely story in lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay on his mother's
knee,

Before the prophet-princes came, bringing gifts
in hand,

The *dumb beasts* felt the miracle *men* could not
understand!

The gentle, patient donkey and the ox that trod
the corn

Knelt down beside the manger and knew that
Christ was born.

And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each
Christmas night,

The *dumb beasts* kneel to worship and see the
Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures need-
ing care;

They give them Christmas greeting and dainty
Christmas fare;

The cat and dog sup gaily, and a sheaf of gold-
en corn

Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on
Christmas morn!

We do not live in Sweden, but we can feed the
birds,

And make dumb creatures happy by kindly
deeds and words.

No animal so humble, no creeping worm so small,
But that the God who made us has made and
loves them all!

If we to them are cruel, like Christ we cannot be!
And *this* shall be our lesson from our dear
Christmas tree!



ur Postscript.

(For enclosure in letters.)

Published Quarterly.

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PHILADELPHIA, July, 1898.

Vol. I.

VEGETARIAN SYNOPSIS.

By REV. HENRY S. CLUBB.

The *Principle*.—That man, as a physical intellectual, and moral being, becomes best developed in all his faculties when subsisting upon the direct productions of the Vegetable Kingdom.

The *Reasons* for entertaining that principle vary with different persons. They are chiefly based :

I.—On the ANATOMY OF MAN, as described by LINNÆUS, CUVIER, OWEN, and other eminent scientists, who express their conviction that man was designed to live on the fruits of the earth.

II.—On PHYSIOLOGY, which shows that the healthiest and least laborious action of the digestive organs, the purest blood, and the most substantial muscle and bone, are produced upon this diet, if well masticated.

III.—On CHEMISTRY, it being an undisputed fact that flesh food contains no nutriment

which cannot be obtained in its purest form from grains, pulse, fruits, and vegetables.

IV.—On ECONOMY, which is every way promoted by a system providing more sustenance for a *cent* from farinaceous food than for a *dime* from the flesh of animals.

V.—On AGRICULTURE, which shows that the cultivation of land provides healthful employment for a much greater number of persons than land devoted to pasture, and that a cultivated acre will yield from three to four times as much food as an acre used for grazing purposes.

VI.—On PSYCHOLOGY, which shows that this system is favorable to the subjection of the passions to the higher moral and intellectual faculties.

VII.—On ÆSTHETICS, which seek to cherish and promote all that is sublime and beautiful on the earth, to dispense with the slaughter-house, and to liberate from degrading occupation the butcher, the drover, and the cook.

VIII.—On HUMANENESS, which is founded upon the irrefragable principles of justice and compassion—universal justice and universal compassion—the two principles most essential in any system of ethics worthy of the name.

IX.—On APPOINTMENT of man's food at the Creation: "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon

the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."—Genesis i. 29.

X.—ON HISTORY, which shows that wherever it has been adopted it has proved beneficial to the human race.

XI.—ON the EXPERIENCE and TESTIMONY of great and good men, in ancient, modern, and present times.

XII.—ON the INDIVIDUAL CONVICTION of its truth, which becomes more powerful in proportion as it is adhered to in practice.

XIII.—ON BIOLOGY, as the most practical and successful teachers of this science insist on abstinence from flesh and subsistence on fruits as promotive of clearness of perception and that development of the mental faculties which increases the power of one mind to direct and control the will of another.

XIV.—ON MORAL PURITY as flesheating tends to stimulate human passion and diminishes the power of the highest faculties to control the current of thought.

XV.—ON THE SENSES of taste, smell, touching, seeing and hearing as all these are offended by the flavor, odor, touch and sight of a dead body and the piteous cries of creatures before and during the process of slaughter.

XVI.—ON COMMON SENSE as it is well known that nearly all animals are in a state of

They tell a love
How, when the
knee,
Before the pro
in hand,
The *dumb beasts*
understand
The gentle, pat
the corn
Knelt down bes
Christ was
And so they sa
Christmas
The *dumb beasts*
Christmas
This fancy mak
ing care;
They give them
Christmas
The cat and dog
en corn
Is raised above
Christmas
We do not live
birds,
And make dur
deeds and v
No animal so hu
But that the Go
loves them
If we to them ar
And *this* shall
Christmas t

disease when slaughtered, in consequence of the cruel and unnatural conditions in which they are placed previous to being slaughtered.

XVII.—ON THE POST MORTEM EXAMINATION OF ANIMALS which frequently shows the existence of tubercles in the lungs, and liver and a large preponderance of uric acid in the fluids of even healthy animals, this being the chief cause of rheumatism so prevalent among flesh eaters.

XVIII.—ON TEMPERANCE, as it has been clearly proved by experience that flesh and the condiments used to disguise its flavor, tend to create a thirst for other stimulants and a resort to intoxicating liquors.

From I to XII of the above were published by the Vegetarian Society, England, in 1849 and now after nearly 50 years we find them still circulated as a tract by that Society. We have added six more items to bring the summary up to date.

For further information the reader is referred to

FOOD, HOME AND GARDEN

A monthly Magazine published by the Vegetarian Society of America at 1023 Foulkrod St., Sta. F, Philadelphia at 50 cts. a year.

OUR POSTSCRIPT is published every three months. 1 copy 1 year 5 cts. 10 copies 1 year 25 cts. 100 copies 1 year \$1.00. Extra copies of this number 100, 25 cts. 500, \$1.00. Friends are all invited to aid the circulation by enclosing in letters.

Overworked and Underfed Horses.

lash ap-
it fails

UNIV

There to look at domestic animals from a horse. We horse, on truck. Can enough—of them know are owned in their fl But as a re advantage are many e that fall u cient to d worked, p erer, every expression slight to b its bones s

ribs painfully easy to count, tagging along before a too heavy load, and the driver with his feet hanging over the end-board of the wagon, constantly applying the irritating lash to keep the poor creature from dropping into a listless droning gait—and sometimes a team is so far

service than to accept sound means of securing the ignorant owners of live stock as to the best methods of feed and care, in order to secure the best paying results.—*Exchange*.

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